

75 CENTS

DECEMBER 22, 1975

TIME



The Truth About Hoover

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The maximum 120mm cigarette.

A lot longer than 100's. Yet, not a
penny extra for all those extra puffs.
Great tobaccos. Terrific taste.

And a long, lean,
all-white dynamite look.

MAX FILTER 120's

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*"Hello long, lean
and delicious."*



Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 18 mg.
"tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Year-end meetings between our Business staff and the members of TIME's Board of Economists have become a tradition for the past six years. Last Tuesday the men who advise us on national and world economic prospects jettied to Manhattan for an all-day question-and-answer session with our researchers, correspondents, writers and editors, who assembled this week's Business story on the economic prospects for 1976. To protect his staff from scholarly hedging, Business Editor George Church started the meeting by dipping into his store of anecdotes. "After consulting the leading economists of his day about where the economy was going and getting a constant stream of forecasts of 'On the one hand this and on the other hand that,' Harry Truman allegedly said, 'Hell, what I need is a one-armed economist.'"

Still, Reporter-Researchers Hilary Ostlere, Allan Hill and Sarah Button were struck by the almost universal comment of one economist to another, "I agree with you absolutely—but..." Nevertheless, concluded Associate Editor James Grant, who wrote this week's story, "I'm glad TIME has two-fisted advisers. The election year of 1976 looks like a good time for weighing both sides of every question."



HOOVER IN 1935

J. Edgar Hoover first appeared on our cover in August of 1935. The director and his Federal Bureau of Investigation were portrayed as antidotes to the headlines of Depression and organized crime. For by then the FBI's 623 trench-coated agents had zeroed in on such notorious criminals as John Dillinger, "Baby Face" Nelson, and "Pretty Boy" Floyd. When operatives cornered George "Machine Gun" Kelly at his Memphis hideout in 1933, Kelly said he surrendered rather than be killed by "G-men," a sobriquet that has adhered to agents in movies and on cereal box tops through the years. In the '30s Hoover was portrayed as a dedicated, hard-working loner who approved wiretaps only in matters of life and death. Hoover's picture was again on the cover of



HOOVER AGAIN IN 1949

TIME in August of 1949, when the nation was concerned with internal security. The '40s director was observed as a dossier-keeper who carefully followed the peregrinations of the American left. Hoover's day-to-day operations remained a secret. The details of his abusive wiretaps, conspiracy with executives to misuse the bureau's power, and harassment of citizens are only now being told. They are the subject of a new Hoover cover story, researched by Marta Dorion, written by Ed Magnuson and edited by Ronald Kriss. Frank Merrick wrote an accompanying story, researched by Audrey Ball, which examines suggestions before Congress to improve control of the bureau.

Ralph P. Davidson

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What You Get at Bloomingdale's

To the Editors:

I know of people who've found more than their clothes at Bloomingdale's [Dec. 1]. They've found their mates.

No sales tax either.

Newton North
New York City

Bloomingdale's salespeople know their store is the trendiest in town; their attitude: utter contempt.

Mr. & Mrs. Guyan Hartwell Knight III
New York City

You are absolutely correct. Bloomingdale's is more than a store. It is a way of life.

Naved N. Khan
San Francisco

We have a friend who has requested that when he dies, his body be



cremated and his remains sprinkled throughout Bloomingdale's. That way, he maintains, his wife will "visit" him at least once a week.

(Mrs.) Barbara Kolton
West Orange, N.J.

I have absolutely no regrets about moving from New York City to Southern California, with one exception: I want my Bloomingdale's!

Ardis S. DeCamp
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

I can't understand why anyone would like to pay \$4 for a pet rock, especially since it doesn't even come with a pedigree.

I have a mongrel rock that may not have been purchased in a big fancy store like Bloomingdale's but does all the tricks mentioned in your article. He was also easily housebroken.

It saddens me to think there are Americans who would buy a pet rock

at a prestigious store just for one-upmanship. A true pet lover would take in any rock and give it a good home.

Mark S. Rosenthal
Pikesville, Md.

Bloomingdale's seems to be the latest shrine of Erich Fromm's alienated man: entertain me, manufacture my taste. O Lord; just don't let me be bored.

Lee F. Metzler
Lake Zurich, Ill.

Bloomingdale's? Expensive!!!

Dennis Correll
Mainesburg, Pa.

Stalking Dr. King

I was sick after reading of the treatment Martin Luther King, his wife and others received at the hands of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI [Dec. 1].

How little individual rights meant to those honorable and dedicated public servants in the FBI. The barnyard cat takes similar care with the rights of the rodent it pursues through the fields.

Al Simonett
Minneapolis

If the FBI and Mr. Adams are truly looking for guidelines, I suggest that they look in the Bill of Rights.

Andrew Barnes
Bradford, Pa.

When J. Edgar Hoover stared at public-enemy posters, each mug shot was really a mirror.

David L. Tobenkin
Vallejo, Calif.

I find the revelations of the CIA and FBI activities shocking. Here I was, like millions of others, considering the U.S. a paradigm of righteousness. How mistaken one can be!

Vicente Uribe
Cali, Colombia

Graham's Critique

After 30 years of sermonizing, Billy Graham [Dec. 1] uttered the soundest critique of his career: "I would have studied more and spoken a great deal less." Wouldn't it be a blessing if Kuhlman, Roberts and Humbard could learn from the mistakes of others?

Clayton B. McElwaine
Brecksville, Ohio

Superchurch

The Rev. Jack Hyles and members of the First Baptist Church of Hammond, Ind. [Dec. 1], seem more inter-

ested in getting their names into the *Guinness Book of World Records* than the Lamb's book of life.

Daniel Brewer
Cincinnati

I do not recall the phrase "Sell the word of God" in the Bible, supposedly the guide for Christians. I thought it was something similar to "Spread the word of God."

Clyde Thomas
Geneva, Ohio

I wonder if the people who think it is just great to bus kids to church aren't the same ones who have hollered the loudest when kids are bused to better schools.

Ann Carpenter
Laredo, Texas

Di Suvero Scorned

I am moved by Mark di Suvero's "sculptures" [Dec. 1] to recall the quip, "No one ever went broke underestimating the good taste of the American public." Is floundering New York City financing the purchase of "Rodin-like images of survival and defiance"?

In Oakland, public outcry quickly removed Di Suvero's *Mother Peace* from a city park. Perhaps it was able to find a home in Flushing Meadow, or maybe it got recycled, but at least it is not disrupting the natural serenity of our open spaces.

Charles M. Chisholm
Oakland, Calif.

The sculptured art pieces by Mark di Suvero are a monument to the end of a civilization.

When the arts can be produced and appreciated by the mass populace, art ceases to be art because talent is no longer an objective. Let us give thanks. At last, Western civilization has seen the Emperor's new clothes.

Barbara Peterson
Long Beach, Calif.

Reading about the "artist of exuberant vitality and unblunted idealism," Mark di Suvero, I received the impression that his "sculpture" manifested a frustration in his childhood—his Erector set lacked too many parts to build a conventional structure.

Felix Zerr-Kunz
Valrico, Fla.

Banning Abortion

I'm sure the Catholic bishops [Dec. 1] know the Prohibition amendment failed because it was unenforceable, and that to make an antiabortion law partly successful it would be necessary to revive the Holy Inquisition with the rack,

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is his problem
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The Northern Trust

Bring your future to us.

Little Maria had been hungry all her life.



Maria lives in a slum in Brazil and has suffered from malnutrition all her young life. When she was accepted into our CCF-assisted nutrition program, she was about five and a half years old but was unable to walk. She weighed only sixteen pounds—less than half her estimated normal weight for a child her age.

Little Maria's home is a four room shack made of poles, mud and partially covered with tiles, flattened tin cans and pieces of scrap lumber. Holes in the walls are patched with cardboard. She shares this home with her mother and father, five sisters, five brothers and a nephew.

While Maria's father works hard, he is totally unskilled and can only get work as a porter, carrying immense loads on top of his head. His income is so meager he cannot possibly provide for his family. Maria's mother does not have a job and stays home to care for the children.

Now Maria has a chance for a better life with help from her CCF sponsor. After she was enrolled in the nutrition project, she showed rapid signs of improvement. She became able to crawl around the recovery room. She could smile and talk. She could even draw and our report shows that her physical state was improving normally. Hopefully she will make a good recovery and the marks of malnutrition will disappear.

But there are many other youngsters like Maria who suffer from severe malnutrition and who must wait for the assistance they so urgently need. You can help such a child by becoming a CCF sponsor. The cost is only \$15 a month (tax deductible) and you will have the privilege of developing a person-to-person relationship with the child you assist.

You will receive the child's photograph,

name and mailing address so that you can exchange letters and cards. Most important, you will have the satisfaction that comes from sharing your love with someone who needs you. And boys and girls like Maria urgently need your help. Malnutrition can cause many permanent defects even if it does not immediately lead to disease and death.

Won't you help? Please fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page indicating the sex and country of the child you'd like to sponsor. In about two weeks you will receive your personal sponsor folder on the child who has been placed with you.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia and the Philippines.

We will be glad to send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

Write today: Dr. Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.
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I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph.

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☐ Please send me more information.

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Address _____

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FORUM

wheel, auto-da-fé and burnings at the stake—all for the glory of God and the loving, gentle Jesus Christ.

*Jim Spires
Bangor, Me.*

Afraid to Look

As a student of history, I watch with great interest the emerging of new African states. I see Uganda's Amin, Angola's bloody civil war, and now Malawi's brutal persecution of Jehovah's Witnesses (Dec. 1). I am afraid to look for what will emerge next!

*Arthur V. Johnson II
Nashua, N.H.*

Creature of the Year

Man of the Year? Woman of the Year? Bah, humbug! It's Creature of the Year—the Great White Shark!

*Picky Dingman
Iowa City, Iowa*

I nominate for Man of the Year Mr. James Schlesinger for standing up to Russia.

*George F. Balas
Richlands, Va.*

Why not Eldridge Cleaver? At least he had the guts to say "I was wrong —and America has lots going for it."

*Mary Ellen Saunders
Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

For re-establishing democracy in the land where democracy was born, Greece's Prime Minister Constantine Caramanlis.

*Evan A. Pezas
Los Angeles*

Man of the Century: William O. Douglas.

*Kevin Flanagan
Norwalk, Conn.*

Egypt's President Anwar Sadat for daring to sign the Sinai agreement.

*Richard J. Fabri
Istanbul*

King Juan Carlos I of Spain—the hope of a great people and country.

*Beite Dane Vandervoort
Javea, Spain*

Jimmy Connors and the sport of tennis. It's been quite a year for both. It has not been a year for politics or politicians.

*Janice M. Cullen
New Orleans*

Prepare yourself to conclude that this year there was no Man of the Year.

*Judd Smith
Dallas*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

How the English keep dry

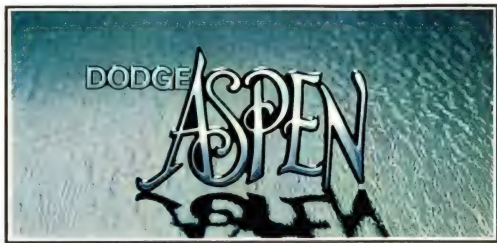


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This new kind of car was developed for those people who wanted the economy and maneuverability of a small car, but did not want to sacrifice comfort and ride.

It is available in two versions: Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volaré.

**To give you a big-car ride,
we invented a new suspension.**

This new kind of small car called for a new suspension. So, our engineers invented an Isolated Transverse front suspension (Patent Pending). It's truly unique. Road shock is kept as far away from the driver and passengers as possible.

**For greater quiet, we engineered
two noise-reducing systems.**

Most people take noise for granted in a small car. But not our engineers. They developed two special sound systems. A sealing system that minimizes wind noise and an insulation system that reduces road noise.

**Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volaré
are roomier than many larger cars.**

We reserved smallness for the outside. Our sedan models offer more total headroom and legroom than many bigger cars. The two-door coupes seat five passengers, comfortably. The four-door and the station wagon models seat six, comfortably.

**There was no small-car scrimping
on comfort.**

Getting in and out of some small cars can be a problem. In these cars, our engineers developed wide door openings that make it easy. There's even an optional seat that gives the driver a greater amount of comfort adjustment than conventional seats, and also in two-door models a pull-strap seat-back release that lets you get in and out of the back seat using only one hand.

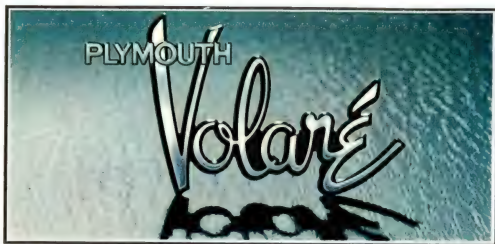
**Plymouth Volaré and Dodge Aspen are
designed to make it easier to see the road.**

We evaluated the relationship between the driver, the steering wheel and the seat to put you in a comfortable position to see the road, and large windows and windshield make it even easier to see.

**Aspen and Volaré achieved E.P.A. rated
highway mileage of up to 30 m.p.g.**

According to official E.P.A. estimated mileage results, Aspen and Volaré with Slant Six engines and manual transmissions got 30 on the highway and 18 in the city with their wagon models, and 27 on the highway and 18 in the city with their coupes and sedans. "We did this by designing the shape to reduce wind friction. Then we reduced weight to about a thousand pounds less than a full-size car. That all helps increase economy. Of course, your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and optional equipment.

*In California, see your dealer for E.P.A. mileage figures for California equipped cars.



were important in big cars a new kind of small car.

Plymouth Volare and Dodge Aspen are covered by The Clincher.

This means that for the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of your 1976 Dodge Aspen or Plymouth Volare we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. Of course, the owner is responsible for normal maintenance such as changing filters and wiper blades.

With three body styles, your choice is not restricted.

These new small cars are offered as a 2-door coupe, a 4-door sedan and a 4-door station wagon—in several versions. Our new-size wagon weighs up to 1,200 lbs. less than some bigger ones. That means you'll save gas and even though it's two feet shorter than a full-size wagon, you can carry 92% as much weight and up to 76% as much bulk. Compare what you can carry with competitive wagons.

SIZE	LENGTH OVER-ALL	TOTAL LOAD CAP.	CUBIC CARGO SPACE	PAS. SEATERS
FORD COUNTRY SQUIRE	18.8 ft.	1,200 lbs.	94.6	6
CHEVELLE WAGON	18.0 ft.	1,100 lbs.	85.1	6
OUR NEW WAGON	16.8 ft.	1,100 lbs.	71.9	6
PINTO WAGON	14.9 ft.	850 lbs.	57.2	4

They're even easy to service.

We included all of our electronic advances. That means you can forget about replacing points and condensers. And, under normal driving conditions, there is no recommended transmission maintenance.

We wanted you to be able to order the options you wanted.

Many small cars are limited in the number of convenience options you can add. Ours can take all the important ones. For example, air conditioning engineered to provide comfort levels comparable to larger cars, power seats, power windows, electric door locks, tilt steering wheel, 4-speaker stereo, sun roof, power steering, power disc brakes, 50,000-mile battery, Sure-Grip axle, 4-speed manual overdrive transmission.

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You will find it hard to believe that you can get so much car, so much value for such a low price.

We made two versions . . . with two names . . . Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volare.

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"How I lost 1400 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

No Peace on Earth

The day before Thanksgiving, Gerald Ford said: "I'm primarily thankful for the fact that this country is at peace." Ford should be able to express similar thanks this Christmas.

Though there is no major international war now, a number of minor and civil conflicts are disturbing the peace. British and Icelandic gunboats are standing by to defend disputed cod fishing rights in the North Atlantic. Lebanon and Angola seethe with civil war. Indonesia presses its offensive against the Portuguese colony of East Timor. Argentina is plagued with terrorism. The occasions, technology and stratagems of war continue to multiply; the rudiments of peacemaking, this Christmas as ever, remain elusive.

The Attractions of Nowhere

For many mobile Americans, it is back to the countryside. Demographer Peter Morrison of the Rand Corp. has produced statistics showing that people of all ages—no longer just young hippies—are moving from cities and suburbs to rural areas of the Dakotas, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Vermont, upper Michigan, the Sierra foothills and the long-depressed Appalachian regions that are benefiting from the coal boom. Ten of the 25 largest metropolitan areas have not grown in the 1970s, and others have actually declined, notably the metropolitan areas of Cleveland, Savannah, Seattle, St. Louis and Pittsburgh. Rural counties that were losing population in the 1960s show the biggest gains. "The more remote kinds of places," says Morrison, "those that used to be regarded as 'nowhere,' have become 'somewhere' in the minds of many migrants."

Morrison's findings were strongly supported by a report issued last week by the U.S. Census Bureau showing that 85% of the nation's population growth in the past five years had occurred in 29 Southern and Western states. While Arizona was expanding by 25.3%, for example, New York State was actually losing .7% of its residents.

A lot of young people already in rural America are staying put. "Traditionally," says Morrison, "many of them would have gone on a Greyhound bus, headed for the city and never come back." He thinks fewer now dream of "making it in the big city."

Measuring Misery

Meteorologists use something called a "discomfort index," which combines the temperature and the humidity rate, to tell us how nasty the weather is. Now Congress has hit upon a "misery index" to tell us how nasty the economic climate may be. A rather imprecise tool of the Joint Economic Committee, the index is reached simply by adding the inflation rate to the unemployment rate. It comes to 14.5 (8.3% unemployment + 6.2% inflation). That represents a drop from 1974's punishing year-end index of 16.6, but still marks a stark increase from 1960, when it was 7.1.

When the index climbs as high as it is now, the results can be distressing. During a regional hearing in Atlanta last week, the Joint Economic Committee was told by M. Harvey Brenner, an associate professor of public health at Johns Hopkins University, that there are concrete correlations between economic hard times and serious physical and social ills. According to Brenner, high inflation and widespread unemployment bring increased suicides, higher incidences of cirrhosis of the liver due to heavier drinking, and an upsurge in mortality from cardiovascular diseases. There is also an apparent strong correlation with increased crime—the next subject Brenner has agreed to look into for the committee. So far, nobody has begun looking into how low the misery index must drop before it can be called the happiness index.

The Topeka Formula

Other states should have the Kansas problem: What to do with so much money? Even as New York's Governor Hugh Carey was trying to wring \$1 billion in revenue measures out of his legislature to help wipe out a huge deficit, frugal Kansas was sitting on a budget surplus of \$179 million. Now the state government is being bagged by all sorts of groups that want cuts from the pie. City governments are clamoring for some form of revenue sharing. Educators want more for schools. There are pleas that state taxes be lowered, even though they have not been raised in years. Republican Governor Robert Bennett aims to keep the surplus intact. Who knows when even Kansas may experience a dry spell? Says Bennett: "I have absolutely no intention of allowing Kansas to become another New York City. We can and will live within our means."



FEDERAL ENERGY ADMINISTRATOR ZARE

THE WHITE HOUSE

Triple Trouble

When President Ford returned from Asia last week, he invited G.O.P. congressional leaders to the White House for some early-morning coffee and first-hand reports on his travels. But the 22 top Republicans who gathered round the huge mahogany table in the Cabinet Room were not eager to hear about the President's chat with China's Mao Tse-tung (see story page 26). Nor was the Pacific Doctrine, which Ford enunciated in Hawaii, their main interest, even though it was a good restatement of U.S. policy and may well be helpful in reassuring Asian allies after the Viet Nam defeat. What was on the Republicans' minds was politics—domestic politics—and they were worried.

Ford's old congressional friends feared that the President was rapidly losing ground to Ronald Reagan in the race for the Republican nomination, and a Gallup poll released later in the week showed dramatically how right they were. The poll, taken in late November, reported that Reagan had actually passed Ford to become the favorite among Republican voters for the nomination by a margin of 40% to 32%. Just a month before, Ford had easily outdistanced Reagan, 48% to 25%. The independent vote had also swung to Reagan, giving him a 27% to 25% edge over Ford, as opposed to the President's lead of 26% to 20% in mid-October. Reagan's strong showing might be explained by the fact that the poll was taken right after he announced his candidacy and shortly after Ford shook up his Cab-



"I can't see you, but I know you're back there, Ronald Reagan!"



"BACK THERE, HELL!"



SECRETARY OF LABOR DUNLOP

for a Beleaguered President

net, firing Defense Secretary James Schlesinger.

As Ford's camp quickly pointed out, leaders in December's polls do not always win nominations in the summer. Four years ago, for example, only 6% of Democratic voters backed George McGovern, yet the South Dakota Senator managed to win on the first ballot the following July. Still, Ford had the advantage of being a sitting President, and his poor showing in the poll startled his advisers. Said one White House aide: "If there's any apathy, that ought to end it."

To make matters worse, the President has managed to get himself into no-win situations with three major pieces of legislation that should soon be coming across his desk. No matter how he handles the bills, he is bound to offend a sizable portion of the American electorate. He also could give Reagan some tailor-made issues. The trio of bills

ENERGY. To resolve a year-long stalemate with Congress over how to cope with the energy crisis, Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb actively intervened on the Hill to work out a compromise that would roll back the price of domestic crude oil by about 12%, then gradually phase out controls during the ensuing 40 months. Zarb estimated that the bill could cut the price of gasoline and fuel oil by as much as 2.5¢ per gal., then let it rise gradually.

But the oil industry, a traditional bastion of Republican strength, is bitterly opposed to the bill. Oilmen argue

that a price cut in crude oil would reduce the incentive to drill wells in search of new sources of supply. Reagan has urged the President to veto the bill. At week's end Ford's closest advisers were still not certain whether the President would turn down the bill, thereby repudiating Zarb and angering millions of Americans who drive cars or heat their homes with oil. The odds that Congress would overturn a veto are too close to call.

LABOR. Ford has already committed himself to approve Labor Secretary John Dunlop's controversial "common situs" picketing bill, which would sharply increase the power of individual construction locals. Under the present law, a striking plumbers' local, say, cannot form a picket line to prevent carpenters or electricians or members of any other construction union from working on the same job. Dunlop's bill would permit such picketing.

Labor has long sought, and contractors have long fought, such a measure. But Dunlop was willing to approve common situs picketing in exchange for something he considered more important to the overall economy: a mechanism that would centralize the fragmented, localized bargaining structure in the building trades.

Though Dunlop's proposed Construction Industry Collective Bargaining Committee might well curb inflationary wage settlements, Reagan opposes the overall measure because of the picketing provisions. Howard ("Bo") Calla-

way, the President's campaign manager, has warned that signing the bill would hurt him "in every one of the 50 states." Ford is expected to veto the bill. Dunlop might then resign.

TAXES. By far the most pressing and vexing issue on the minds of the G.O.P. legislators who met with Ford is a bill calling for extension of the present income tax reductions, which were approved by Congress and the President last spring as a means of fighting the recession. On Oct. 6, Ford called for an increased tax cut amounting to roughly \$28 billion over a full year. But he insisted that Congress reduce spending by the same amount. The Democrats refused to commit themselves to cuts in a budget that the President would not even submit until January. Ford vowed to his White House audience: "A tax cut coming down here without a spending ceiling will be vetoed."

If Ford does veto the bill, he will be serving notice just before Christmas that he will be taking money out of millions of Americans' paychecks. The Democrats may have enough votes to override the veto and take credit for being the proud parents of a tax cut.

Republicans and Democrats alike are puzzled that Ford, a creature of Congress, misjudged all three situations badly enough to paint himself into an uncomfortable corner with the election campaign drawing near. As Reagan's challenge grows steadily stronger, Ford cannot risk appearing to be indecisive.

"He's got to the point where he must draw some issues sharply," says one Republican Congressman who attended the White House session. "He's got to create an impression other than that of a nice guy holding the fort between Nixon and the next President."

The Truth About Hoover

The legend is crumbling: the squat, bulldog features, set fiercely in tenacious pursuit of the TEN MOST WANTED CRIMINALS. The gangbuster nemesis of "Baby Face" Nelson, John Dillinger, Ma Barker. The scourge of would-be spies and saboteurs. The alert sentinel and fearless fighter holding back the tide of the Red Menace. The stubbornly independent guardian of evenhanded law enforcement, highmindedly fending off Congressmen and Presidents who sought to use his agency for political purposes.

J. Edgar Hoover deserved some of that billing, although it was overblown from the start. Now, just three years after his death, a sharply different portrait is emerging of the man who built the Federal Bureau of Investigation into the world's most reputable police organization through 48 years as its famed Director. To be sure, there had always been a few blemishes—some from scattered revelations through the decades, some from his own reckless conduct as he grew older and fought to retain the power he felt slipping away. But now, under congressional and journalistic scrutiny, as well as in the writings of his once fearful agents, a darker picture is coming into view.

In these new shades Hoover is seen as a shrewd bureaucratic genius who cared less about crime than about perpetuating his crime-busting image. With his acute public relations sense, he managed to obscure his bureau's failings while magnifying its sometime successes. Even his fervent anti-Communism has been cast into doubt; some former aides insist that he knew the party was never a genuine internal threat to the nation but a useful, popular target to ensure financial and public support for the FBI.

Even more serious flaws in the Hoover character and official performance have come to light:

- Instead of insulating his bureau from politically sensitive Presidents, Hoover eagerly complied with improper requests from the men in the White House for information on potential opponents. If a President failed to ask for such information, the Director often volunteered it. He tapped the telephones of Government officials on request, perused files of politicians unasked, volunteered tidbits of gossip.

- He was a petty man of towering personal hates. There was more than a tinge of racism in his vicious vendetta against Martin Luther King Jr. He had to be pushed into hiring black agents for the bureau.

- His informers, infiltrators and wiretappers delved into the activities of even the most innocuous and nonviolent civil rights and antiwar groups, trampling on the rights of citizens to express grievances against their Government.

rektor's defenders, at least, are outraged. "When the lion dies, the rats come out," sneers Efron. Zimbalist Jr., longtime star of the once top-rated television series *The FBI*, insists William Ruckelshaus, one of the victims of Richard Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre: "Really, the man had only one motive. That was to make the FBI the finest investigative agency in the world."

Certainly the post-Watergate morality casts a harsher light on official

conduct that once was not questioned. In the cold war period, the Communist threat from abroad, if not at home, did look—and was—dangerous. Such FBI-infiltrated groups as the Ku Klux Klan and the Weatherman did proclaim violence.

Throughout much of his career, Hoover used information compiled by his agents to build political support for the bureau. TIME has learned, for example, that Hoover went to one Senator with the revelation that his daughter was using hard drugs. Hoover agreed to keep the matter quiet—and thereby earned the Senator's lasting gratitude. Similarly, when Hoover discovered that one Congressman was a homosexual, he visited the legislator to assure him that this news would never leak from the FBI—and thus made a new friend for the bureau.

The Director's dealings with Presidents, as detailed two weeks ago by a Senate committee report (TIME, Dec. 15), were just as self-serving. Clearly the worst offender in demanding political information from Hoover was President Lyndon Johnson. Both men loved gossip and this type of intrigue. Hoover ingratiated himself with LBJ during the Justice Department's investigation of Johnson's congressional protégé and crony, Bobby Baker. Asked by Attorney General Robert Kennedy to "wire" someone to talk to a Baker friend, Hoover not only refused but reported the request to Johnson. The Justice Department lawyers went to Treasury agents instead and got the help they sought. That infuriated Johnson, who asked Hoover to check out Treasury for the man who helped Kennedy.

Always worried about Kennedy supporters in his midst, Johnson kept asking Hoover to investigate White House personnel. TIME has learned that Presidential Speechwriter Richard Goodwin



CARICATURE OF THE DIRECTOR (1968)

His spies within potentially dangerous extremist groups sometimes provoked more violence than they prevented.

- As an administrator, he was an erratic, unchallengeable czar, banishing agents to Siberian posts on whims, terrorizing them with torrents of implausible rules, insisting on conformity of thought as well as dress.

The fact that such a man could acquire and keep that kind of power raises disturbing questions not merely about the role of a national police in a democracy, but also about the political system that tolerated him for so long. The revelations show too that those political dissidents in years past who complained they were being harassed and spied upon were not so paranoid after all.

As the pendulum of public esteem swings away from the old Hoover reputation, the correction seems necessary, though it could also go too far. The Di-

resigned as the result of one such probe. Johnson also ordered FBI name checks on high officials in the Democratic National Committee for the same purpose. L.B.J. was so phobic about the Kennedys that when the *Washington Star* attacked him editorially, he asked Hoover to find out if there was any Kennedy money behind the paper. Since the FBI also had its own "enemies list" of newspapers critical of Hoover, the Director was sympathetic to such appeals.

Moreover, when Johnson's aide, Walter Jenkins, was involved in a homosexual episode in 1964, L.B.J. suspected that a Barry Goldwater supporter may have set up the arrest. He angrily ordered Hoover to seek derogatory material on Goldwater's Senate staff to be held for use if the Senator made an issue of the Jenkins matter in the presidential campaign. Goldwater never did so.

Johnson even directed Hoover to tap the phone of Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate Spiro Agnew in 1968 on the vague suspicion that Agnew was sending word to the South Vietnamese that they would get a better peace arrangement through Nixon if he was elected President than through L.B.J.

Such practices dated back to Franklin Roosevelt, who sought FBI name checks on U.S. isolationists in 1940 and began the practice of asking the FBI to wiretap some of his own top advisers, including Harry Hopkins and Tommy ("The Cork") Corcoran.

Truman, by contrast, wanted nothing to do directly with Hoover, who had to deal with the President's military aide, Brigadier General Harry Vaughan. When Vaughan showed Truman an FBI transcript of the tap on Corcoran, Truman was unimpressed. It was about Mrs. Corcoran making appointments with her hairdresser: "Well, I don't give a goddam whether Mrs. Corcoran gets her hair fixed or doesn't get her hair fixed. What the hell is that crap?" Vaughan: "It's a wiretap." Truman: "Cut them all off. Tell the FBI we haven't got any time for that kind of shit."

Hoover seems to have had little more success in foisting political intelligence on Dwight Eisenhower. Although Jack Kennedy and his brother Robert, as Attorney General, went along with some of the Hoover wiretapping, the brothers posed new difficulty for the Director. For the first time Hoover found it impossible to bypass the Attorney General. Matters were not helped when Hoover visited Bobby for the first time at the Justice Department and the shirt-sleeved young Attorney General threw darts throughout their conversation. The Director was outraged at what

he considered disrespect. Bobby, moreover, often missed the doorknob and ripped the wall; to Hoover this was "a desecration of Government property."

Bobby was the only Attorney General who dared summon Hoover by buzzer to his office. Kennedy, in fact, ordered a direct line placed in the Director's office after discovering that this phone had been moved to the desk of Helen Gandy, Hoover's secretary.

Out of fear, or respect, or both, many associates of Hoover have long refused to discuss publicly the personal side of the Director's life. Even now, his posthumous grip is so firm in the minds of many that details of it are scarce. Yet some are dribbling out.

The man's ample ego, for example, was shown by the way he furnished his \$160,000 home, a red brick house in Washington's Rock Creek Park. The foyer always greeted visitors with a pho-



SCENE FROM MOVIE (1936)

to of Hoover chatting with the incumbent President. A large portrait of Hoover graced the first landing of the stairs toward the second floor. A bronze bust of him stood for years at the top of the stairs. All four walls of the lower recreation room were papered with pictures of Hoover with various celebrities.

Given Hoover's almost obsessive condemnation of illicit sexual activities of public figures, as well as the quick disciplining of any agents indiscreet enough to get caught in similar affairs, some visitors were surprised at the display of female nudity in Hoover's house. There were numerous pieces of such sculpture, paintings, and even the celebrated nude photo of Marilyn Monroe.

Since Hoover has never been known to have had any romantic relationship with a woman, his own sex life has long been a subject of rumor, especially within the bureau. The talk has been fed by his close friendship with his FBI



WITH F.D.R., SIGNING CRIME LAW (1934)



WITH PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON (1965)

THE NATION

associate for 44 years, Clyde Tolson. The two dined and lunched together nearly every day, went to race tracks together on Saturdays, kept each other company on nearly every business or pleasure trip. Those who knew both men well feel certain that the relationship was not a sexual one. To support this feeling, they argue that Hoover was too openly scornful of homosexuals to have been one himself—which does not necessarily follow. At any rate, according to this view, the FBI consumed his passions totally, and he seems to have been basically asexual.

Another bachelor and lifelong FBI career man, Tolson never infringed on the Boss's limelight, but could snap out orders to subordinates with all of Hoover's authority and bite. Hoover left

which gave at least two \$5,000 personal-achievement awards to Hoover.

What sort of man was Hoover? "He was a charmer," concedes one harsh critic, former Associate FBI Director William Sullivan in a Hoover biography, *The Director* by Ovid Demaris. "He was a brilliant chameleon. But he was also a master con man. That takes intelligence of a certain kind, an astuteness, a shrewdness. He never read anything that would broaden his mind or give depth to his thinking. I never knew him to have an intellectual or educated friend. Neither did Tolson. They lived in their own strange little world."

Sullivan told TIME that Hoover was so intrigued by stories about expanding life spans through medical rejuvenation that he "ordered FBI officials in Switzerland to send him reports about a Swiss physician's formula for prolonging life." Added Sullivan: "He was a man with the ability to carry on 33 fights at the same time without slackening his pace or confusing one fight with another. He was always fighting—with other Government officials, with the immigration people, with the customs agency, with anyone who criticized him. The fights seemed to stimulate him."

Hoover and Tolson's world, of course, embraced the FBI—and, from the inside looking out, it was a unique atmosphere. There is little doubt that Hoover built an organization of competent, efficient, incorruptible investigators. But he also created a byzantine bureaucracy in which agents lived in states of recurring terror.

Hoover had so many rules of personal behavior and so many specific procedures for conducting investigations that in the rough world of dealing with crime, no agent could adhere to all of them. This bred a deep cynicism throughout the FBI and encouraged agents to find ways of breaking rules without getting caught. At the same time, agents spied on other agents. Even stenographers were encouraged to report violations, anonymously if they wished. Supervisors tried to blame subordinates for violations. There was no appeal when Hoover decided that an agent should be demoted, exiled to an undesirable post, or summarily fired.

The Director's favorite punishment posts were Butte, Mont., Oklahoma City, and, surprisingly, New Orleans (Hoover thought the Louisiana climate was miserable, but many an agent gratefully accepted such punishment).

The result was an arcane world in which the Washington headquarters, where Hoover reigned so autocratically, was grandiosely referred to in internal FBI memos as the Seat of Government (SOG). Unofficially, the inspectors,

whose nasty job was to check on procedural violations, were called "goons." What they were seeking were "subs," shorthand for "substantial violations" of either the three-volume *Manual of Instructions*, detailing how to pursue some 180 kinds of investigations, or of the thick *Manual of Rules and Regulations*, setting standards of personal conduct. Each lowly special agent in the field reported to an equally frightened Assistant Special Agent in Charge (ASAC) and to the regional bureau boss, the Special Agent in Charge (SAC).

ASAC dreaded the day when he would hear, in an echo of Mafia lingo, that there was "a contract out for him" from Hoover's office. Then he knew the goons would promptly arrive to pore over every record of his bureau's work. Inevitably, they would find cause for punishment—one of the mildest of which was to order the SAC to "hit the bricks" (a transfer from running a bureau to being an agent again). Some agents were convinced that Hoover had diabolically designed his rules to give him justification for firing almost anyone at any time.

Hoover was especially finicky about the appearance of agents (white shirts and dark ties, jackets on in the office, hair short). There were strict rules about the use of official cars (never drive them home overnight; no accidents, not even fender-benders). A late expense account could mean punishment. Unmarried agents were sometimes fired for sharing a hotel room with a woman. A SAC was once saved from demotion when aides to an inspector from Washington made passes at women in his office. The SAC, target of the investigation, reported the indiscretions to SOG—and the inspector was censured instead.

The evasions to skirt the rules were ingenious. To beat the anti-obesity program, one agent put lead weights in his pockets before stepping on the scales. In each successive weigh-in, he put in less metal. His superiors were impressed by such heroic efforts to reduce. No agent, of course, dared point out that Hoover looked a bit fleshy himself.

A glimpse into this bizarre life is offered by Joseph L. Schott, a retired 23-year veteran of FBI service, in his recent book *No Left Turns*. The title stems from the fact that Hoover's limousine was once struck by another car while making a left turn. Agents thereafter were ordered to plan routes for Hoover so that his car rarely had to make a left turn. Schott claims that everyone around Hoover was too terrified to ask the boss what he meant by some of his impulsive comments. Thus, Schott reports, Hoover concluded one meeting of high FBI officials by saying: "I have been looking over the supervisors at the Seat of Government. A lot of them are clods. Get rid of them." Instead of asking Hoover whom he had in mind, the officials formed a committee (others called it the



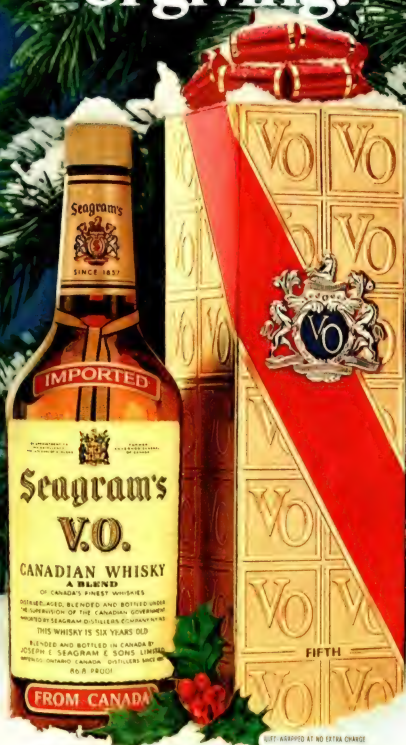
AT NEW YEAR'S PARTY IN STORK CLUB (1938)

most of his estate to Tolson, who auctioned off much of it before his own death last spring.

It seems clear that Hoover was quite a miser. For some 20 years, he and Tolson dined nearly every night at Harvey's, a topflight Washington restaurant owned by a Hoover friend. He never received a check but would leave a tip in cash. When the restaurant was sold, the two men continued dining at their reserved table, but quit when the new owner began sending Hoover a monthly bill.

Hoover, moreover, pocketed money from the bestselling book about U.S. Communism, *Masters of Deceit*, even though it was written under a byline by FBI agents working on Government time. On most every conceivable occasion, Tolson solicited gifts among top personnel for the Director. A record was kept of those foolish enough to fail to give. Hoover set up a tax-exempt charitable foundation to help support Freedoms Foundation.

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**IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO LOOK FOR NEW OIL,
DRILL FOR IT, BRING IN THE WELL,
AND TURN IT FINALLY INTO GASOLINE...**



...THEIR BABY WILL BE STARTING FIRST GRADE.

The simple truth is—it can take about five to eight years to discover new oil offshore and turn it into gasoline. To get an idea of the time and work involved, let's look at a rough timetable.

1st year: Exploring for new oil fields. This, of course, is the first step. And then—before we can start drilling—we have to lease the acreage. All told, it can easily take a year or more.

2nd year: Start exploratory drilling for oil. Unfortunately the facts in the oil business are that most exploratory drilling does not recover commercial quantities of oil or gas. The odds are something like 50 to 1 against striking oil in amounts large enough

to be commercially worthwhile.

3rd year: Developing the field. One well isn't enough for the field to be fully productive. Additional wells have to be drilled. And that doesn't happen overnight or without great expense.

4th year: Transporting the crude oil. Once the well does come in, you may have to build a pipeline to transport the crude oil.

5th year: Refining the oil. Finally, we're ready for the last step—turning the oil into petroleum products. New refineries may have to be built. Or present ones expanded or modernized. It all takes time and money.

As you see, it takes a lot of time and planning and capital investment—often running into hundreds of millions of dollars—to find oil and turn it into petroleum products. The best way to supply you with the petroleum you need is through a free enterprise system that will enable us to generate the necessary capital.



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Clod Squad). They managed to find one or two supervisors fed up enough with Washington to accept a transfer and thus appease Hoover.

Similarly, according to Schott, after a line of new agents just out of the FBI's academy at Quantico, Va., filed past Hoover for the routine welcome, J. Edgar barked: "One of them is a pinhead Get rid of him!" Hoover underlings secretly opened the recruits' lockers and measured every hat (hats were mandatory) to find the man Hoover meant. When they discovered three tied for smallest size, all three were dismissed.

The sycophants around Hoover puzzled over his cryptic notes, always in blue ink, on orders and personnel files. The notes were known as "blue gems." There was consternation when the Director wrote on one agent's personnel record "Give this man what he deserves." The solution: the agent was given both a letter of censure and a transfer to a post he was seeking.

No whim of the Director's was too insignificant to be ignored. Hoover once stayed at the home of a wealthy manufacturer of bathroom fixtures and liked the fancy commodes in the guest rooms. The host sent one to Hoover's house. But, according to former Agent Schott, Hoover complained that it was too high. Agents duly measured the one at the manufacturer's home and the new one in Hoover's home. Sure enough, Hoover's was two inches higher. A squad of agents worked through a weekend with a plumber to lower the fixture.

Though few if any agents were fond of Hoover's nitpicking regulations, some found merit in his harsh disciplinary ways. "He imbued us with a spirit of belonging to something above the other agencies," said Peter Kotsos, a former agent. "He built an *esprit*, and we lived in the knowledge that if you didn't abide by the rules you got out."

Although Hoover's capriciousness took a heavy personal toll, he did indeed, singlehanded, take a corrupt and dismal organization and pound it into an impressive outfit. That part of the Hoover legend remains intact.

Hoover's early history is familiar. Born in Washington on New Year's Day, 1895. Son of a civil service worker. Presbyterian Sunday school teacher as a teen-ager. Law degrees from George Washington University night classes while a clerk at the Library of Congress by day. Joined Justice Department at 22. First major assignment: 1917, with War Emergency Division, dealing with enemy aliens. Transferred to the Bureau of Investigation at age 24 by Attorney General Mitchell Palmer. Helped lead the "Palmer raids," dragnet arrests that swept up hundreds of Russians and "radicals" across the nation. Named Assistant Director of the bureau in 1921. Director in 1924 at age 29.

The FBI achieved its fame after the

Lindbergh kidnaping and the rash of major bank robberies in the early '30s. The Hoover legend flourished amid a hoopla of bylined stories, radio shows and press releases.

Even then, the Hoover wonders were overdrawn. The FBI tried to conceal the fact that at first it had recovered the wrong baby's body after the Lindbergh ordeal; the kidnaper, Bruno Hauptmann, was detected mainly through the tracing of ransom money by Treasury agents. The Dillinger killing in Chicago stemmed from a paid informer, the celebrated "Lady in Red," rather than from clever police work Hoover jealously failed to credit the agent in charge at the scene, Melvin Purvis, for his role. Purvis later quit.

Hoover's wartime reputation for protecting U.S. defense plants against saboteurs and nailing German spies (eight were arrested while landing on Long Island) was well deserved. Al-



RELAXING WITH TOLSON IN MIAMI BEACH (1939)



STRIKING A POSE AT WASHINGTON BOYS' CLUB DOG SHOW (1954)

though sometimes criticized as a haven for draft dodgers, the FBI performed counterespionage duties overseas as well. But after the war, Hoover suffered a bureaucratic blow when Congress created the CIA to handle foreign intelligence-gathering operations.

The agile Director recovered by embarking on his postwar anti-Communist campaign. His agents helped to arrest Alger Hiss, convicted of perjury for denying that he had been a Communist agent; Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed for treason; Colonel Abel, convicted for passing military secrets to the Russians. They blew one case against Judith Coplon by barging into her room without a warrant, causing charges of espionage to be dismissed.

Although both the bureau and Senator Joseph McCarthy denied it, Hoover's men supplied the rampaging Wisconsin Republican with nearly all of the frail information he had about Communists in the U.S. Government. "I worked



LAYING A BET AT MARYLAND'S BOWIE RACE TRACK (1938)



HOOPER AT OLD HEADQUARTERS (1971)
A brilliant chameleon.

on it myself," recalls a former agent. "But we didn't have enough evidence to show there was one Communist in the State Department, let alone the 57 McCarthy's was claiming."

During the 1940s Hoover was reluctant to move against organized crime. Some FBI agents think they know why. They tell stories of Hoover sometimes traveling to Manhattan to meet one of the Mafia's top figures, Frank Costello. The two would meet in Central Park. Costello apparently convinced Hoover that there was no organized Mafia—merely a loose collection of independent racketeers. (Some agents figure that Hoover also picked up some choice incidental tips from Gambler Costello on the Director's passionately pursued avocation—laying \$2 bets on the horses.) Hoover did not get cracking on the Mob until Attorney General Robert Kennedy insisted that he do so in 1961.

Mainly by infiltrating the Ku Klux Klan, the FBI was able to act swiftly in the early 1960s to solve several murders of civil rights workers in the South. But, as King charged, the bureau did little about enforcing civil rights laws that did not involve such sensational crimes. One reason: the FBI was concentrating on catching auto thieves and fugitives so as to keep its Southern bureaus' arrest and recovery statistics on Hoover's mandated upward curves.



THE NEW J. EDGAR HOOPER FBI BUILDING ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

It was King's criticism that led Hoover to call him "the most notorious liar in the U.S." and to launch an ugly vendetta against him. Hoover ordered one tape from a bugged Miami hotel room where King had been staying sent anonymously to King's wife. The FBI sent word of King's reported sexual activities to the Pope, trying to convince the Pontiff not to receive him.

One of Hoover's men recalls discussing with the Director and another aide the FBI's crusade against King. The aide claimed that the black leader had not only associated with Communists but that there was "a sexual matter." King was homosexual? "No, no," said the aide. "King isn't queer." "Then what's the big problem?" the man asked. "King isn't the only married guy who sleeps with other women." Replied the aide as Hoover nodded agreement: "He sleeps with white women."

Sex seemed often on Hoover's mind. Shortly after the killing or wounding of 15 students by Ohio National Guardsmen at Kent State in 1970, top-ranking officials of the Justice Department held a meeting to discuss a federal probe. At its end, Hoover took over and talked about only one topic: his belief that one of the coed victims had been sexually promiscuous. Recalled one official: "When Hoover finally ran down, no one else said a word. We all just got up and walked silently out of the room. We were all embarrassed."

As Hoover became a public bother, why didn't Presidents try to retire him? Johnson made one weak effort. In 1967 he told his favorite Secret Service agent, Rufus Youngblood, to go to FBI headquarters and "take over." Youngblood wandered around the bureau for several days. Hoover ignored him. LBJ changed his mind.

Nixon once screwed up the courage to edge Hoover out. He summoned the

Director to breakfast in 1971 to offer him a special job as a consultant on crime, with an office close to Nixon's own. Hoover, alerted, launched into a rapid-fire monologue all through the 45-minute breakfast, never letting the sensitive subject arise. Nixon, as a former aide put it, simply "chickened out."

After one bitter Hoover diatribe at a Justice Department meeting, Assistant Attorney General Ruckelshaus called Attorney General John Mitchell aside. "We've got to get rid of that guy," Ruckelshaus pleaded. "He's getting worse all the time." Replied the laconic Mitchell: "You're right. Tell you what. I have to leave town later today, so I'm appointing you Acting Attorney General. You fire him."

No braver, the Kennedys earlier had let the word out that if Jack had been re-elected in 1964, they would have retired Hoover when he reached his 70th birthday (Jan. 1, 1965). Ethel Kennedy, spotting an FBI suggestion box at a Justice Department party, had even mischievously slipped in a note that Hoover ought to be replaced by the sheriff of Los Angeles County. The Director was not amused.

Some Washington veterans claim no President could possibly have fired Hoover because he held so much damaging information on all of them. Others scoffed at the blackmail notion, contending that Hoover was so popular (his ratings often were 90% or higher) that dismissing him would have been a grave political risk.

A disturbing question is why Hoover for so long was able to still any effective criticism. Didn't journalists in particular know what kind of dirty tactics Hoover was employing? A few newsmen—Jack Anderson, Fred Cook, Tom Wicker, Jack Nelson—picked up and printed some facets of the dark side of Hoover. A few groups—Black Panthers, the Congress of Racial Equality, Students for a Democratic Society, Social-

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GIFT CARTON AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

ist Workers Party, and Minutemen—had long been complaining, rightly as it turned out, about FBI harassment. But mostly, no one was listening. Even as late as 1973, most editors laughed when Norman Mailer threw a 50th birthday party for himself at Manhattan's Four Seasons restaurant and urged the creation of "a democratic secret police to keep tabs on the bureaucratic secret police—the FBI and CIA."

As in all of Hoover's battles with various opponents, he was exceptionally adroit in handling the press. Long before Nixon, the FBI had its own enemies list of reporters and publications that seemed unfriendly and should be shunned on all inquiries, no matter how trivial. Anyone printing positive news about the FBI, on the other hand, might be favored with some of the FBI's rare handouts of information on major stories. For a newsmen, that was more readily productive than trying to interest an editor in some undocumented exposé of FBI practices based on nervous, anonymous sources. The Los Angeles Times' Jack Nelson tried anyway; soon his office was swirling with rumors that he was a drunk, and his boss got a letter from Hoover gently suggesting that Nelson be fired.

Has all that changed, now that the Director is gone? Some agents wonder. The new boss, Clarence Kelley, is a veteran and well-regarded lifelong police official. But Kelley is an outsider—he was chief of police in Kansas City, Mo.—and the FBI is still a closed corporation. The top officials under Kelley, in charge of the day-by-day supervision of the agency, are Hoover-trained loyalists. They are Associate Director Nicholas Callahan and Assistant Deputy Director James Adams. Both are also protégés of John Mohr, a retired Hoover aide still in touch with the bureau—close enough, some agents believe, that he in effect calls key signals.

Yet conditions are changing. Among the bureau's 8,000 agents, there are now 103 blacks. Job applications still far exceed openings. Kelley does talk to his top agents around the country, and in the field—if not in Washington—morale is holding up. Many old petty rules have been relaxed. There is less emphasis on statistical achievements—stolen-car arrests and other easy shots—and more on white-collar crime, organized crime and other cases that rarely fatten the win column.

With all the public pressure and new scrutiny, any repeat of the old political abuses of civil rights seems unlikely. Mostly, it is a rocky time of buffeting for the bureau. The ship, in a sense, is dead in the water, awaiting new orders on new courses, which may well be set by Congress (see following story). Some may long nostalgically for the Old Man. But along the way, Hoover clearly lost that inner compass that had served the bureau so well for so many years.

Curbing It Without Killing It

The free-wheeling days of J. Edgar Hoover are over. Now Congress and the Executive branch must find ways to limit the FBI's activities and prevent future abuses of its vast powers. Last week several experts gave their recommendations to Democrat Frank Church's Senate Intelligence Committee. The proposals fell into four categories:

A LEGISLATIVE CHARTER. Both critics and supporters of the FBI agreed that Congress should enact legislation spelling out what the FBI can and cannot do, particularly in the area of keeping watch on violence-prone dissidents and potential subversives. Said FBI Director Clarence Kelley: "I would welcome any guidelines."

Democratic Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota argued that the FBI should be allowed to put citizens under surveillance or infiltrate activist groups only when the bureau has clear evidence that federal laws have been, or are about to be, violated.

Kelley's retort: the FBI must sometimes infiltrate groups to learn whether laws are about to be broken. Said he: "As a practical matter, the line between intelligence work and regular criminal investigations is often difficult to describe. What begins as an intelligence investigation may well end in arrest and prosecution of the subject."

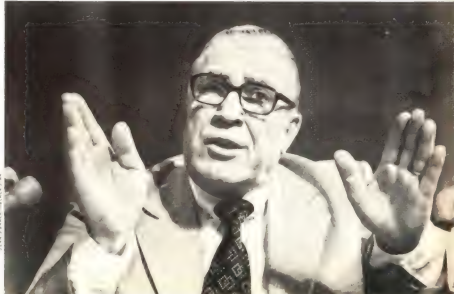
William Ruckelshaus, a former Deputy Attorney General and former acting FBI director, suggested a compromise. He urged that Congress spell out the FBI's authority "to investigate individuals or groups who may through violence present a threat to other individuals or groups." But Ruckelshaus would have Congress give the Attorney General the power to set the guidelines on how the FBI would use its authority.

ADMINISTRATIVE CURBS. Since assuming office in February, Attorney General Edward Levi has taken a number of steps to leash the FBI. For one thing, he has required that White House requests for FBI action be made in writing and through official channels. He also has instructed Kelley to report to him all improper requests; in his 2½ years as director, said Kelley, there have not been any.

Last week Levi told the Senate committee that his department is drafting an order that would allow the FBI to investigate domestic dissidents only if there is "a likelihood" that they are involved in violent and illegal activities. The directive would also prohibit the FBI from trying to discredit or disrupt the organizations unless there was no other way to eliminate "an immediate risk to human life." Under the draft guidelines, the FBI would have to inform the Attorney General of all domestic security probes; in turn, he would be required to halt any investigation that failed to meet the written standards.

Levi's proposed guidelines on domestic surveillance did not satisfy many of the committee members. Said Mondale: "Guidelines written by the Executive Branch can be re-written by the Executive Branch, by those who follow you. They will mean absolutely nothing in the face of a willful President or a willful Attorney General." Thus the committee will probably recommend that the standards be written into law. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, in fact, urged that "specific statutes should authorize, prohibit or regulate every investigative and enforcement method. Government agents should not have to guess what is permitted." Both committee members and Justice Department officials favor requiring court ap-

FBI DIRECTOR KELLEY TESTIFYING BEFORE THE SENATE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE



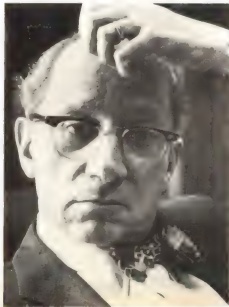
THE NATION

proval of wiretaps in domestic-security cases; such approval is now a federal requirement only in criminal cases.

CONGRESSIONAL OVERSIGHT. Levi announced that an Office of Professional Responsibility was being set up within the Justice Department to watchdog all of the agency's employees, including those of the FBI. The witnesses and the Senators agreed that Congress should go a step farther and set up its own committee to oversee the FBI. Ruckelshaus urged that such a committee "be privy to all information the FBI has relating to any specific investigation [and] operate as openly as possible." The committee's job would be to see that any new law was honored; demand the names of groups being infiltrated; oversee the use of bugs, wiretaps and informants; monitor FBI relations with the Attorney General; and judge the propriety of orders from the White House. Kelley was all for an oversight committee. "Congress must assume a continuing role, not in the initial decision-making process but in the review of our performance," he said. He added: "I think that I can discuss everything but the identity of informants with an oversight committee."

LIMITED TENURE. The committee probably will adopt the recommendation of several witnesses that Congress set a limit to an FBI director's term. Recalling Hoover's 48-year tenure, Ruckelshaus urged that a director be restricted to eight or nine years. Clark recommended four years, starting at the midpoint of a presidential term to ease the danger of Presidents and directors becoming too cozy. In fact, the Senate voted last spring to limit the director's term to ten years. A bill setting a 15-year limit is now before the House Judiciary Committee, which will not act until all of the investigations of the FBI are completed in early 1976.

ATTORNEY GENERAL EDWARD LEVI



ELECTIONS

San Francisco Squeaker

When they went to the polls to choose a new mayor in a runoff election last week, San Franciscans seemed preoccupied with the plight of a city 3,000 miles away. Both candidates were survivors of a Nov. 4 election that had eleven names on the ballot. Both—Democratic State Senator George Moscone and Republican John J. Barbagelata, a member of the city's board of supervisors—agreed that the overriding issue of the campaign was not San Francisco's woes but New York City's. "The day of the giveaway is over," said Moscone, 46. Said the conservative Barbagelata, 56: "New York was the shocker that woke up the silent majority in this city." With a 3-to-1 edge in Democratic registration, Moscone should have been a shoo-in. Thanks to New York, he was not.

Warning of Peril. From the beginning, the race was between Barbagelata's belt-tightening oratory and Moscone's smoother campaign organization and personal style. The dollar-conscious Barbagelata, a businessman who keeps a pocket calculator at the ready during board of supervisors meetings, counted on support from San Franciscans who feared their city might suffer the fate of New York. A four-day police and firemen's strike in August showed citizens how determined unions might bully a city into submission. Over the supervisors' protests, outgoing Mayor Joseph Alioto finally caved in and granted raises to end the strike.

Both Moscone and Barbagelata opposed the mayor's action, and both men acknowledged that New York's fiscal crisis was what the voters wanted most to avoid. Barbagelata campaigned almost exclusively in conservative middle- and upper-middle income areas, and during the last week of his campaign widely distributed a newsletter warning of the perils of a New York crisis. Moscone countered with pledges that he would carefully weigh union demands without knuckling under to organized labor.

Runoff day brought a respectable turnout of 65.7%. Moscone picked up a slim early lead, and never led Barbagelata by more than 5,000 votes. In the end, he squeaked through by a count of 101,528 to 97,213—nothing to shout about in what Barbagelata describes as "the most liberal city in the nation."

California Pollster Mervin Field interpreted the election results as a "checkerboard pattern." Property owners, the elderly and people on fixed incomes voted for Barbagelata. Minorities, renters, and the relatively young opted for Moscone. The election, said Field, shows two kinds of tides. "One is the ebbing tide of traditional liberal, labor and cultural concepts—the idea that government can do it for you. Against this is the rising tide of the 'new con-



MAYOR-ELECT GEORGE MOSCONE
Not a shoo-in.

servatism"—which is related to fear about crime, the inability to get services from government, and fiscal responsibility. Both candidates agreed that the election showed a moderate trend emerging in the country. If the race foretells anything for presidential politics in 1976, it is probably that the candidates closest to the center will stand the best chance of gaining a clear, if not altogether enthusiastic majority.

SCANDALS

Murder in Philadelphia

John Shively Knight III was a young man with a future. At 30, he was special projects editor of an afternoon tabloid, the *Philadelphia Daily News*. He had a \$1,050-a-month apartment in a large building on Philadelphia's fashionable Rittenhouse Square and an art collection worth about \$100,000. As a respected reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*, he had won an American Bar Association award. Most important, he was the millionaire grandson and a presumed heir of John S. Knight, 81, founder of the Knight-Rider Newspapers Inc., the chain that includes some 35 daily papers, such as the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Miami Herald* and the morning *Philadelphia Inquirer*, as well as the *News*. Unknown to most of his friends, the chunky bachelor was also a homosexual who frequented the nearby "merry-go-round" area of the city, where he sought out male prostitutes and dropped in at leather bars. Apparently, last week this secret life led to his murder.

On the evening of his death, Knight arranged a stylish pheasant dinner (he

Dec. 22,
enjoy a singing,
dancing, laughing
musical.

Scrooge



Albert Finney plays a singing, dancing Scrooge in the joyous musical version of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." With Dame Edith Evans, Kenneth More And Alec Guinness. It's delightful entertainment for the whole family. Be sure to tune in.

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Also starring Laurence Naamath, Michael Medwin, and Edith Evans. Music by Leslie Bricusse. Music conducted and supervised by Ian Fraser. Executive producer Leslie Bricusse. Produced by Robert H. Solo. Directed by Ronald Neame.

THE NATION

had shot the birds himself at a local French restaurant for two house guests, his former Harvard roommate, Dr. John McKinnon, 29, a psychiatrist, and McKinnon's wife Rosemary, 27. Knight brought along Ellen Roche, an assistant manager of a bank, as well as the *News'* managing editor, Paul Janensch, and his wife. Shortly after midnight, the Janenschs and Ellen Roche departed. Knight and the McKinnons returned to his apartment to drink brandy and talk.

Around 3 a.m., Knight received a phone call, then strongly suggested that everybody go to bed. The McKinnons retired to their guest room. Later three men entered Knight's apartment. At about 4 a.m., neighbors on the floor below heard loud noises and complained twice to the front desk. Finally, a doorman knocked at Knight's apartment. A man answered, saying they were practicing karate. Around 4:30 a.m., the three strangers, one with a pistol, woke Rosemary but were unable to rouse her husband. The men ordered Rosemary—who was undressed—to help them search for a wall safe. When she reached the master bedroom, she saw Knight lying tied up on the floor and moaning. Soon two of the men departed with some loose money and silverware, leaving

Rosemary bound with neckties on a couch.

Rosemary was struggling to free herself when she saw the third man standing over her with a .22-cal. rifle and a spear-fishing gun. The thin, nervous young man told her that his partners had left him behind, and he was worried about Knight. Rosemary talked him into relaxing his guard. When he untied her, she leaped at him and wrestled the rifle away.

Gay Hustler. She ran into her bedroom and thrust the gun into the hands of her startled husband. McKinnon, finally awake, covered the stranger, sending his wife downstairs to call the police. McKinnon then discovered that Knight had died of multiple stab wounds. He and the intruder grappled, and the man ran into the hallway and jumped into the elevator with Rosemary. The man threw Rosemary to the floor and flailed at her with a knife. She fought for her life by kicking up at him. Although she suffered two wounds, she was able to run off the elevator when it jolted to a stop. By the time the police arrived, her attacker had escaped.

The news of the dead Knight's homosexuality was fully reported in the family papers. Later a sallow, sometime student, William Sage, 20, who is married, told Philadelphia police that he had carried on a five-year liaison with Knight in Detroit. Sage led police to a chest in Knight's apartment containing tape recordings of homosexual encounters, pictures of naked boys and Knight's diary—which ironically recorded the fact that as a result of analysis, Knight was beginning to like women.

Philadelphia police rapidly identified three suspects—two were known toughs who preyed on homosexuals. By week's end one of the men had been found shot to death, and another had given himself up. The third remained on the loose: Salvatore Soli, 37, a mustachioed, tattooed thug described by detectives as a drug pusher, car thief, armed robber and gay hustler.

MILLIONAIRE MURDER VICTIM KNIGHT



CRIME TECHNICIAN LOOKING FOR CLUES IN THE RANSACKED APARTMENT



POLITICS

Harris: Radicalism

This is the fifth in a series examining the candidates for the presidency

The prairie. The Dust Bowl. The Tennessee Valley. Huey Long. Bob La Follette. Woody Guthrie. All the images of an earthy, deep-rooted populism are evoked in Fred Harris' pungent, often spellbinding speeches. The best orator among the declared candidates, Harris, 45, is running a "people's campaign" against "privilege." The Oklahoma man logged 6,300 miles on a cross-country trek in a 24-foot camper last summer, cooking over an open fire, speaking to any small group that would listen (and often the groups were very small indeed). He hopes to ride this camper-style politics to the White House.

George McGovern ran on a more or less populist platform in 1972 and was soundly trounced. Burned once, Democrats are wary of playing with this kind of political fire again. Among many liberals, Harris is the sentimental favorite. He speaks their language forcefully and eloquently. But after they cheer and cheer over his speeches, they have sober second thoughts. They want a winner in 1976, and Harris does not look like one.

No one is more aware of this dilemma than the candidate. He proclaims his ability to draw conservative blue collar votes as well as liberal ones, though this is yet to be tested. "He's George Wallace without racism," says Frosty Troy, editor of the weekly *Oklahoma Observer*. With his paunch and pendulous second chin, his hair parted down the middle, gray stains on his tie, a beer bottle or a container of coffee in one hand and a badly chewed but unlighted cigar in the other, Harris can hardly be mistaken for a limousine liberal. "The difference between me and McGovern," he told *TIME* Correspondent Stanley Cloud, "is that I never tell people that they ought to do something because it's morally right. I show how it's in their own self-interest. My dad used to listen to McGovern and then say, 'Well, it sounds fine, but when's he gonna start talking to me?' Dad was right, and that's what I try to do—talk a language that ordinary people can understand."

Harris is, if anything, more radical than McGovern. If Harris had his way, the U.S. would be much altered, perhaps beyond recognition. Before almost any audience he addresses, Harris says "The fundamental problem is that too few people have all the money and power, and everybody else has very little of either—and that is not what Thomas Jefferson had in mind." Invective against "bigness" in all forms, Harris



in a Camper



HARRIS CAMPING OUT IN OHIO
Deep-rooted populism.

says he wants to chop down big Government and big business, but he is more reticent about big labor, since he needs its support. He would break up the automobile, oil and steel industries, corporate farming operations and one-bank holding companies. "These companies say they want free enterprise," warns Harris. "Well, I would give them a very, very strong dose of it."

Convinced that some federal regulatory agencies have become champions of monopoly, Harris wants to abolish many of them. Where it proved necessary, he would support outright government ownership of private industry. He would provide more steeply graduated individual and corporate income taxes to get "the rich off welfare" and "the big hogs out of the trough."

Leftward Drift. Many of the Democratic candidates are hazy on foreign affairs, and Harris is no exception. His proposals amount to a collection of homilies. He sweepingly condemns most U.S. policy initiatives since World War II. "Americans shouldn't impose themselves on the world," he observes. "Sometimes it seems we are willing to prop up any two-bit dictator who can afford the price of a pair of sunglasses." And he adds, using a favorite phrase: "We ought not to do that." He urges massive cuts in defense spending and he wants to restrict the CIA to intelligence gathering.

A genuine Okie, Harris was born in one of the nation's most impoverished areas in the Great Depression. His father, a land-poor, dirt-poor migrant

farmer, went as far north as Canada to harvest crops. From the age of five, Harris accompanied him. To Harris, a bank was "more than a place to deposit and borrow money; it was almost a kind of religious institution." His father "was a different man, it seemed to me, when he went to the bank. He took his hat off the minute he walked through the door." Whenever Harris and his chums spotted a shooting star, they yelled "Money!" three times in the hope of some day acquiring some.

While at the University of Oklahoma, Harris married LaDonna Crawford, who is half Comanche, half Irish; she is now director of Americans for Indian Opportunity. The couple have three children. Harris earned his law degree from the university and briefly went into private practice. At 25, he was elected to the state senate, and in 1964, at 33, he ran for the U.S. Senate. Oklahoma Senator Robert S. Kerr had died suddenly, and Harris received the support of Kerr's powerful oil family. He nar-

rowly defeated Republican Bud Wilkinson, the former Oklahoma University football coach. In 1966 Harris won a full Senate term.

At first Harris appeared to be a moderate New Deal liberal who was loyal to his home state's ruling interests, including what he now refers to as "the oil-and-gas crowd." But gradually he moved left, partly under the influence of the Kennedy family and then as a member of the Kerner commission on civil disorders. He was a principal author, along with New York Mayor John Lindsay, of the report's conclusion that America was heading toward two nations—one black, one white. Hoping to be on the ticket with Hubert Humphrey in 1968, Harris was given the consolation prize of Democratic National Committee chairman. He played a key role in making the procedural changes that brought more women, youths and minorities into the nominating process.

As Harris' Senate term was drawing to a close in 1971, it was apparent that Oklahomans were not happy with his leftward drift; he seemed headed for probable defeat. So rather than run for the Senate again, he astonished his constituents by declaring for the presidency. One stalwart financial backer, New York Investment Banker Herbert Allen, kept his campaign alive for six weeks. When it seemed hopeless, Harris withdrew.

Trying again, Harris has begun to move out of the camper phase of his campaign. As one among all too many relative unknowns, he needs to reach more places faster and to be on radio and television. But he is still cramped by lack of money. Cut off from large donations by the campaign finance law, he is far behind many of his rivals in raising funds from small contributors. His latest financial report in September showed a \$12,000 deficit, though Harris claims he has raised \$400,000 and is now \$2,000 in the black. Out of 45 people working full time on his campaign in Washington, only seven are paid.

Harris must make a substantial showing in the early primaries or he will probably be finished. In the pre-primary skirmishes, the results have been ambiguous. At the convention of the liberal New Democratic Coalition in Manhattan this month, he came in second and prevented Front Runner Senator Birch Bayh from winning the endorsement. In a caucus held by Massachusetts' Citizens for Participation in Political Action, a liberal group, he came in first. But he won only 38.7% of the vote after lobbying members for almost a year.

Harris insists that he is not worried. "All I have to do is show some strength and the thing takes off," he says. So far, he has not gained much altitude.



SPEAKING IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



WITH WIFE LADONNA

THE PRESIDENCY/HIGH SIDEY

A Good Visit with Chairman Mao

A visit with Mao Tse-tung, who rules nearly a quarter of humanity, remains one of this world's most intriguing human encounters. Gerald Ford, who is the world's most powerful man, was anxious to meet the Chairman, but he was not even certain Mao would see him in Peking. Nothing had been asked or promised when Ford embarked on his journey to China.

The tip-off that the President of the U.S. would get an audience came after the steamed Wuchang fish course during the big banquet held in the Great Hall of the People the night he arrived. Ford had finished his toast to the Chinese and was moving along the head tables clinking glasses. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger trailed in his wake. When they reached Mao's grandniece, Wang Hai-jung, a vice minister who arranged Kissinger's meeting with Mao in October, Kissinger leaned over to her and said: "I suppose you are going to ask us to make a formal request to see the Chairman." He got a smile. "Put your mind at ease," said Madame Wang. Mao summoned them the next day.

Secret Service agents were not allowed to accompany the



MAO TSE-TUNG WITH PRESIDENT FORD IN PEKING

Americans. The visitors were taken by Chinese escorts in Chinese limousines for the ten-minute drive to the plain, yellowish home of the Chairman. Ford's car was driven into a carpeted portico. The Americans walked down a long hallway where Mao's famous Ping Pong table stands. Part way down the hall, the party was directed left into Mao's study. He was sitting in a light green overstuffed chair. A nurse helped the 81-year-old Mao stand up and he greeted the Ford family first. He was dressed in a blue-gray tunic and black slippers. His hair was gray but his face was tanned (one American wondered silently if he used a sun lamp in the chilly climes of Peking). His handshake was firm, his voice low and rumbling (somewhat like Kissinger's without the German accent).

The greetings to the family and other Ford aides finished. Mao walked a few steps to the center of a semicircle of chairs and was helped back down by his nurse. Those who remained for the business meetings were directed to the proper chairs. On Mao's right was his interpreter, American-born Nancy Tang; next on the right was Vice Premier Teng Hsiang-ping, who chain-smoked through the meeting. The other Chinese were on Teng's right.

Ford was given the chair on Mao's left. Then came Kis-

singer and the other Americans. Three huge floor lamps with green shades bathed Mao in light from behind. Red velvet drapes were pulled over bookshelves and windows.

Mao bantered for a few minutes. Much of it was about Kissinger, whom he called an "old friend." The "Doctor," Mao said, was becoming almost Chinese. Then for the new visitors' benefit he repeated an exchange that he had previously had with the Doctor. Mao said he told Kissinger that God had summoned him (Mao); Kissinger answered that Mao should not respond. If Mao and God ever got together, Kissinger told the Chairman, it would be too potent a combination. Then Mao said that such statements from the Secretary constituted interference in Chinese domestic affairs. Everybody in the room chortled with Mao.

Green tea was on the tables in front of the men. Mao sipped his as he talked; Ford stoked up his pipe. Mao dominated his side of the talk. The other Chinese said very little. Mao rested his head back against his chair and when he talked, he would roll it toward his interpreter and speak directly at her instead of at the Americans. She listened and watched his lips closely. His difficulty in forming words is apparently the result of strokes. Sometimes Miss Tang did not understand what Mao said. She would repeat the sentence and he would nod if she got it right. Other times she had to write the words down and show them to Mao for verification.

Mao's hands were steady. He often gestured, sometimes smacking one fist into his other palm. Twice he had coughing bouts and picked up small squares of gauze to daub his lips. He used no notes, charts or maps and talked through the entire hour and 50 minutes. He was informed and up to date, moving the discussion through Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. He dwelt on the major forces at work, the people and events, his concern about the Soviet Union. If his mouth would not always obey his commands, the Americans detected nothing wrong with his mind.

Had Ford been satisfied with his discussions with Teng? Mao asked at one point. Ford replied, yes, he had. The Chairman showed knowledge of, but no curiosity about the U.S. He was coldly practical about America, and sometimes hinted his appreciation of its power. He was also realistic about the power of the Chinese. More than once he mentioned "the need to fire empty cannons" in the diplomatic world of rhetorical threat and counterthreat.

Mao employed the Socratic device of questioning to focus on his points. Sometimes he talked in parables, sometimes he quoted Chinese proverbs. They all made points. Though there was no agenda and Mao brought up subjects as if they had just popped into his mind, he had in fact prepared meticulously. The whole week's work in Peking was directly keyed to Mao's thoughts, it turned out, even down to precise phrases.

Mao was not threatening or angry. He did not speculate on what the future might hold for himself or the world, but he left no doubt that in his mind China, for all its problems, was the center of the world. The vast differences in the social systems of the U.S. and China came up now and then, but this slid by almost unnoticed because of the unusual coincidence of the two countries' other interests around the globe. Some of the Americans were startled at how closely Mao's idea of the state of the world fitted with theirs. In spite of that, they came away wondering if America might have remained the target of Mao's wrath, as it was for so many years, had there been no falling out with the Soviet Union.

After nearly two hours, the Chairman asked: "Do you think we've talked enough?" With that signal, his guests got up, the nurse helped Mao to his feet and the Americans started to leave, after shaking hands. But one of the Chinese halted them. "The Chairman wants to walk you to the door," he said. Mao and Ford went into the hall with the Ping Pong table and on out to the front door. In that singular house in that faraway land, it was a special gesture by this living legend.

Christmas, 1975

I know you well as a kind and jolly fellow. Christmas is your busy time and it is my two hundredth birthday—our nation's bicentennial!

The gifts my people need this Christmas do not cost money. I thought that you could help.

Dear Santa Claus

I want them to enjoy a revitalized sense of values, of prudence, and compassion for one another. I would like you to give them, if you can, a new vigor and joy in life...in the simple things of life: sunrises and sunsets, (blossoms and mountain peaks), fresh virgin land, wheat, and golden fields and shade in the meadow—joy in the song of birds, the bark of dogs, and the laughter of children—in a cool breeze, and a night's sleep, and the sounds of waves and running water in a stream, and the fun of giving their neighbors a helping hand.

Rekindle their childhood nostalgia in the drama of a storm, in the new fallen white blankets of snow, in the multi-colored yellows and oranges, and reds of autumn, in the promise of spring, in the birth of a baby, a climb up the mountain, in the quiet of moonlight, in the romance of young love, in the years of wisdom of grandparents...in the music of the church organ and the guitar ballads of longhaired young adults—searching...and with all these, please help me with the necessities of food, and clothing, and shelter...and jobs...that their lives may be meaningful and refilled with a self confidence in themselves.

Perhaps we three—you, and I, and each of my citizens—can do the job together as our Founding Fathers meant for it to be. Merry Christmas and a happy birthday to you, too,

Sincerely,

Uncle Sam

address any mailbox

Conrad N. Hilton

CONRAD N. HILTON

BARRON HILTON

Baron Hilton



There are still some things Americans know how to do best.



1. Using advanced solid-state technology, the people of Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed over a dozen new lines of business telephone systems in the last two years.

2. One of our latest is an electronic switching system for businesses that can be programmed like a computer. For telephone company installer Jack Maulstead, changing features is a simple matter of punching in new data.



3. Because each business has unique needs, Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed hundreds of varieties of Dataphone® Data Sets—special phones that enable one computer to talk to another computer over the telephone network.

4. A solid-state memory is at the heart of our automatic dialer. Containing the equivalent of 15,000 transistors, the memory stores 31 frequently-called numbers, so you can dial by pressing a single button.

Making a phone call
may be a small thing to you.
But to us it's a big job.
It takes a delicately
balanced network of more than
a trillion parts for you to reach
the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your
phone company, we at Western Electric
make it our business to help your business.



Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

EAST-WEST

More Dustups on the Road to Détente

By an odd coincidence, foreign policy in both the U.S. and the Soviet Union is increasingly focusing on one date: Feb. 24, 1976. In the U.S., it is the day of the New Hampshire presidential primary and the official opening of the 1976 political season. In Russia, it is the first day of the 25th Communist Party Congress. On both sides, the whole structure and direction of the still experimental Soviet-American accommodation known as détente are becoming part of the domestic political debate. Under fire from some quarters for being too conciliatory, President Ford and Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev are showing greater toughness in the East-West exchange. As one Western intelligence official describes it, "Brezhnev is moving toward Mikhail Suslov [a veteran hard-liner on the Politburo], and Ford is moving toward Ronald Reagan."

No Trip. In the U.S., Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is the chief target of those attacking the Ford Administration's foreign policy. Only 24 hours after he had returned to Washington from his trip with Ford to China and the Pacific, Kissinger held a one-hour press conference at which he defended his record and revealed that he was canceling plans to go to Moscow this week to discuss the stalemated negotiations over the second phase of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT II). Said Kissinger: "I think there is no sense in going to Moscow until we have our positions

prepared in great detail and until we are confident that on the Soviet side there is sufficient understanding on what is needed."

The Administration insists that it decided to postpone the Moscow trip on its own and that the decision somewhat annoyed the Russians. However, there were indications from the Russians themselves that the Kremlin was not displeased. According to one theory, Brezhnev still wants a SALT II agreement, but he is also anxious to give potential opponents at the Party Congress no chance to suggest that he has given the U.S. concessions under pressure of a deadline. Says one Kremlin watcher in Moscow: "If Brezhnev goes into the Congress and says he is not ready to sign the SALT agreement because the Soviet Union cannot live with it, he is likely to receive a standing ovation."

Brezhnev gave this interpretation some credence last week by delivering a particularly bellicose speech at a party meeting in Warsaw. In the very week that Andrei Sakharov was being prevented from going to Oslo to accept the Nobel Peace Prize, the Soviet leader attacked Western critics who complain that Moscow has not been living up to the promises to expand personal freedoms that it made at the Helsinki Con-

ference on European Cooperation and Security. He accused "some influential circles in the West" of waging "campaigns of misinformation, all sorts of pinpricks to... poison the situation." Brezhnev charged that critics were emphasizing some parts of the Helsinki agreement, notably the ones that call for a greater flow of people and ideas across borders, while ignoring the overall spirit of the accord, which endorses mutual coexistence.

Harsh Tones. Some of those in the "influential circles" also happen to be Kissinger's chief detractors, and the Secretary denounced them—for different reasons—in tones scarcely less harsh. Most of his attention was directed at retired Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, former Chief of Naval Operations (1970-74) and a possible Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate from Virginia. Zumwalt has accused the Secretary of State not only of giving up too much to the Soviets in SALT I, an old complaint of Kissinger's critics, but of deliberately hiding Soviet violations of the agreement from Congress and President Ford.

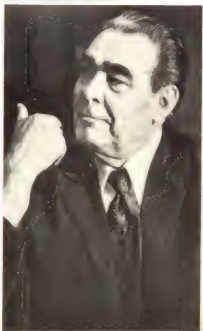
After declaring that he would "not get into a debate with aspirants to political office," Kissinger did just that. He spelled out in considerable detail the means by which the U.S. monitors Soviet arms deployment. He said that a special CIA committee on intelligence has been making quarterly reports on SALT developments to the White House since

KISSINGER AT NEWS CONFERENCE



"I hope they don't take it away before we find out what it is."

PARTY CHAIRMAN BREZHNEV



THE WORLD

July 1973 and that the verification panel of the National Security Council, which Kissinger chairs, has met 40 times to discuss SALT in the same 2½-year period—four times just to consider possible Soviet violations. President Ford, he went on, has been briefed six times on questions of Soviet compliance. Kissinger then recounted in detail the two most important cases of questionable Soviet activity.

THE SUSPICIOUS SILOS. On June 20, 1973, while Brezhnev was in the U.S. for a summit meeting with President Nixon, U.S. intelligence turned up evidence of large new silos under construction in Soviet missile fields. Six days later, U.S. officials questioned the Russians; they said that the silos were not new missile launch sites, which are prohibited under the SALT agreement, but rather command and control silos, which are allowed. By mid-1974, said Kissinger, it was "the unanimous opinion" of all U.S. agencies concerned that the Soviets had been telling the truth.

THE RADAR CAPER. In 1973 the U.S. discovered that the Russians were testing a new radar that could be used to track incoming American missiles. Under SALT I, each side is allowed to deploy such equipment to check the guidance systems aboard its own missiles, but the installation of new radars to track incoming enemy missiles is prohibited. The U.S. was understandably suspicious when it uncovered the new radar, but for fear of revealing the means of its discovery, Washington delayed complaining to Moscow. Seventeen days after it finally did so, early this year, tests of the radar were stopped. Last week Kissinger conceded that in this "ambiguous" case the Soviets had been "at the borderline of violation." Zumwalt, on the other hand, has charged that the Soviets were clearly cheating.

Kissinger is furious at Zumwalt's charges, which are seconded by Senator Henry Jackson, the Secretary's long-time adversary. Kissinger believes that his critics are in effect accusing him of knowingly endangering the security of the U.S. At his press conference, Kissinger angrily protested that the charge against him of hiding Russian cheating on SALT "may tempt the very non-compliance which it claims to seek to avoid, because it may create the impression that the U.S. Government would make a serious agreement on a matter affecting the survival of the U.S. and that its senior officials would then collude in a violation of this agreement."

Kissinger's rebuttal is not likely to end the growing debate over détente. Nor is he receiving much help on the issue from the Soviets. They are helping to fan doubts about détente by their vigorous intervention in the civil war in Angola (see following story).

Still, Kissinger had at least some encouraging news to savor late last week as he was beginning a meeting of NATO foreign ministers in Brussels. Represent-

tative Otis Pike's House Committee on Intelligence dropped a request that he be held in contempt of Congress. The Administration had angered the committee by refusing to give it internal State Department documents on U.S. covert activity abroad. But Pike finally agreed to a compromise under which the White House told the committee what was in the documents without actually handing them over. The White House's capitulation rescued Kissinger from a potentially nasty confrontation on Capitol Hill. If the Secretary's congressional skirmish had gone the other way, the repercussions would have been profound. Had he actually been cited for contempt, Kissinger might well have resigned, and détente, battered and bruised already, would have been seriously wounded.



CAPTURED RUSSIAN-MADE ARMORED CAR

ANGOLA

Crowded Little War

Like the Spanish Civil War of the 1930s, the Angolan civil war has become an arena of major-power rivalry. The Soviet Union has shipped large quantities of arms and supplies to the former Portuguese colony—everything from armored cars to electric generators—and giant Antonov 22s fly every day to Luanda, the capital of the Soviet-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.). Some 3,000 Cubans have been fighting on the leftist side for weeks, and U.S. intelligence now says Havana has increased its force to something close to 5,000 men. In addition, U.S. officials believe Moscow may have 400 of its own advisers in Angola.

Washington claims that the U.S. has not matched the Russian effort, but the U.S. is nonetheless deeply involved—mainly in support of the National

Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), one of the two factions fighting the M.P.L.A. Since last summer, the U.S. has sent as much as \$25 million worth of military supplies to Angola. Washington officials conceded last week, ranging from rockets and antitank weapons to rifles and mortars. Another \$25 million has been allocated. U.S. aid is transmitted through Zaire, which has a 1,200-mile border with Angola.

Grabby, Pushy. Outsiders are helping both sides, and an American who says he represents Portuguese interests has advertised for American mercenaries in California. Last week Long Island's *Newsday* reported that the Congress of Racial Equality has also been trying to recruit black Viet Nam veterans to oppose the M.P.L.A.

"We [are] offering them a chance to fight in one just war for Black Africa," CORE Chairman Roy Innis told *Newsday* reporters. "I know the aggressive nature of the Soviets. They are grabby and pushy... We are not mercenaries. We are Africans abroad. The Cubans, the Russians, the South Africans, the CIA—they are the mercenaries." Innis denied that his recruiting drive was being sponsored by the CIA, but the newspaper quoted unnamed intelligence sources as saying that, in fact, it was. Innis has ties with Uganda's President Idi Amin, who is opposed to the M.P.L.A., and he may also be trying to ingratiate himself with Amin.

Whatever the U.S. is now doing, the Russians seem to have started earlier with more, and the Soviet-backed force appears to be winning on all fronts.

At a NATO conference in Brussels last week, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said the Soviet activity in Angola, which is plainly far outside Moscow's normal range of interests, was a threat to détente. Soviet domination of Angola was inadmissible, Kissinger said. The Russians, however, give their intervention precisely the opposite interpretation, professing surprise that the U.S. should care about a country so far away from its own borders.

Still a third interpretation comes from Iowa Democrat Richard Clark, head of the African subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Clark, who has talked with the leaders of all three Angolan factions, believes that they all have much the same goals and that the Russians may just be wasting their money in backing the M.P.L.A. "The history of Soviet intervention in Africa," says Clark, "is one of almost total failure. If the M.P.L.A. wins, the Soviets will be lucky if they can hang on for a year or two."

ISRAEL

Red Star over Nazareth

*And in your throat we shall stay,
A piece of glass, a cactus thorn,
And in your eyes,
A blazing fire*

When he wrote those lines several years ago, Arab Poet Tawfiq Zayad could scarcely have imagined how sharp a thorn he would become to the Israelis. In a stunning election victory last week, Zayad, 46, a lifelong Communist agitator, became the new mayor of Nazareth, which is not only the town where Jesus spent his youth but also the largest (pop. 40,000) all-Arab city in Israel. Zayad polled an overwhelming 67% of the vote, while members of his broad Democratic Front coalition won eleven of the 17 seats on the city council.

Protest Symbol. The election gave Israel its only Communist-controlled city hall, and many in the country were worried. The Tel Aviv daily *Ma'ariv* called the vote "the most extreme expression of opposition to Israel." The Nazarenes viewed the election somewhat less extravagantly. Although Zayad's political record includes a dozen arrests for antigovernment activity, he was backed by most of Nazareth's leading doctors, lawyers and businessmen.

They were less interested in Zayad's Marxist politics than his usefulness as a symbol of protest against years of abuse by local leaders. Zayad prudently soft-pedaled his membership in Rakah, the small Moscow-leaning Israeli Communist party that holds four of the Knesset's 120 seats. "I did not run as a representative of Rakah," he insists. "I am a Nazarene."

Nazareth's population has doubled in the past 25 years, and the city is with-

out factories, traffic signals, sidewalks, theaters and libraries. Cement purchased for paving streets has at times been used to build private homes. Last year state officials investigated corruption, and the mayor and the entire city council resigned.

While their own city has been falling apart, many Nazarenes have nervously watched the growth of nearby Upper Nazareth, an all-Jewish city (current pop. 20,000) that was begun by the Israeli government in the mid-1950s. Today it has several factories, neatly paved sidewalks and streets and attractive houses and apartments.

As last week's election approached, more and more Nazarenes listened to Zayad, who promised to "tear down the Chinese wall between the people and the city council." The voters were also upset when heavy-handed Israeli ministers from Jerusalem suggested that Zayad might be "an Arafat spy."

Jerusalem has an understandable worry. The Nazareth election could encourage Israel's 400,000 Arab citizens (12% of the total population), who are now fragmented among several Jewish-led parties, to gather together in a single political organization and thus possibly exert real power at the polls for the first time. With this prospect in mind, some unhappy officials in Jerusalem are already pondering the question in *St. John* in the New Testament: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

AUSTRALIA

Fraser Makes It Legit

When Australia's Governor General Sir John Kerr fired Labor Prime Minister Gough Whitlam last month for failing to get his budget funded by the conservative-controlled Senate, it appeared that Whitlam might easily get his job back. For one thing, there seemed to be some truth to Whitlam's protest that he had been the victim of a ruthless power play. Then again, Kerr had named as caretaker Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, 45, the tough but untested leader of the conservative coalition composed of his own Liberal Party and the rural National Country Party.

Yet by the time Australia's 8 million voters went to the polls last week, the early groundswell of sympathy for Whitlam had all but vanished. Fraser and his coalition swept to power in a landslide victory, handing Whitlam the worst defeat of his career.

Whitlam's mistake was to wage his campaign chiefly on the issue of his ouster. He claimed that the future of Australian democracy required that he be returned to office to void the Governor General's "legal coup d'état." In a brief paroxysm of rage over Kerr's action, strikers shut down slaughterhouses, construction sites and steelworks all over



WINNER MALCOLM FRASER
A job a minute.

Australia. But before long, Australian voters decided that Whitlam's firing was not the main issue after all. Opinion polls showed that voters were more concerned about bread-and-butter issues—inflation, industrial unrest and unemployment—than the constitutional question posed by Whitlam's sacking.

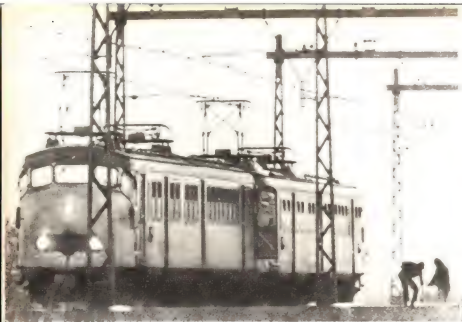
Fraser seized on the economic issues, emphasizing the jump in Australia's inflation rate from 5% to a high of 17% during what he called the "three dark years of Labor." Capitalizing on concern over unemployment (which went as high as 5.3%), Fraser claimed that one job had been lost for every seven minutes Labor was in power: "Don't give Whitlam the chance to break the job-a-minute barrier because if you do, I'm sure he will."

By late last week polls showed Fraser leading Whitlam by 52% to 42%. More than anything else, it was the soft economy—and the soaring price of Labor's ambitious social welfare program—that proved Whitlam's undoing. For most of Australia's middle-class voters, Whitlam's program, which included a new national health scheme providing free medical care for all and expanded education and welfare benefits, was simply too much too soon.

Closer to U.S. A wealthy sheep rancher from western Victoria, Fraser has promised cutbacks in domestic programs and tax cuts for individuals and business incentives. He will also move to pull Canberra's foreign policy back onto its pre-Whitlam path. Fraser has criticized the Labor government's steps to improve ties with Communist and Third World countries "while neglecting friends and allies with whom we share political ideals and philosophies." That would forecast a return to Australia's traditionally close foreign policy relations with Britain and the U.S.



NAZARETH MAYOR ZAYAD
A sharp thorn.



SOUTH MOLUCCAN TERRORISTS PICKING UP SUPPLIES OUTSIDE HIJACKED TRAIN

TERRORISM

Siege in Holland

In eastern Holland, dark-skinned parishioners were shocked and frightened when rocks shattered windows in their church. A 16-year-old Indonesian girl was attacked by young Dutch toughs. Dutch newspaper offices and The Netherlands Justice Ministry were flooded with thousands of letters, many of them demanding a government decision to, as one outraged citizen put it bluntly, "shoot the bastards!"

The target of all this rage, in a country that has always prided itself as the archetype of the liberal society, is Holland's community of some 35,000 refugees from South Molucca, a group of islands that is now part of Indonesia (see map). The cause of the backlash against the South Moluccan minority was one of the longest terrorist sieges in memory. At week's end, South Moluccan gunmen who had taken over a railroad train near the town of Beilen 13 days ago finally surrendered and released 23 hostages. Terrorists still held the Indonesian consulate in Amsterdam, where they had another 25 lives to bargain with. Three people aboard the train had been killed by the terrorists; another died after jumping from a consulate window in an escape attempt.

Passionate Cause. The young terrorists were descendants of South Molucca islanders who arrived in Holland a generation ago. Their demand, independence for the South Molucca Islands, was another of those obscure but passionate causes growing out of colonial times and puzzling to Europeans (see following story). As the siege dragged on, the Dutch army erected minimilitary camps around the consulate and the train. After the initial violence, the at-

mosphere aboard the train lapsed into a tense quiet. "But it was getting very cold," reported an elderly hostage who was released last week. The terrorists refused to allow mechanics to repair the train's heating system, but they accepted piles of blankets.

Around the country, Dutchmen grew more and more outraged by what they saw as an abuse of their tolerance and good will. One South Moluccan clergyman delivered a stern warning to his compatriots: "There are Dutchmen who want revenge on us. Call the police immediately if you're threatened. Never go anywhere all by yourself. We must remain on good terms with the Dutch."

The real South Moluccan troublemakers model themselves after the Palestine Liberation Organization. They demand the creation of an independent state in the islands that they—or, more typically, their parents—were forced to flee after the Dutch left and the Indonesians took over in 1950. Most of the islanders living in The Netherlands recognize that the goal of an independent South Molucca is scarcely realistic. Johan Manusama, 65, president of the self-styled South Moluccan government-in-exile, regularly appears on television to urge Dutchmen not to punish other South Moluccans for the sins of the young "freedom fighters" holding the hostages.

Dutch anger at the South Moluccans could subside as quickly as it arose once the grim episode has been concluded. Nonetheless, hundreds of citizens lined up last week to sign a petition calling for especially severe penalties for terrorist crimes. At week's end, there was great concern for the fate of the 25 hostages held by the South Moluccan terrorists at the Indonesian consulate—especially after seven shots were heard inside the building on Sunday.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Invasion in Timor

Just before dawn, seven Indonesian warships knifed into the waters off Dili, a faded coffee port that serves as the capital of the Portuguese colony of East Timor. Minutes later the ships' guns lit up the night sky. Indonesian marines with full packs and battle dress charged ashore from assault boats, while planes arced overhead dropping paratroopers. Within a few hours it was all over but the mopping up—and that apparently was bloody. Ham radio operators 400 miles away in Australia picked up the last faint pleas from a lone transmitter: "Women and children are being shot in the streets. We are going to be killed. Please help us. Please."

Thus was one more remnant of Portugal's colonial empire lost last week. East Timor is a mountainous patch of jungle and coffee plantations on the eastern half of the 300-mile-long island of Timor; the other half is part of Indonesia. The Indonesian invasion at least resolved a dilemma for East Timor's 650,000 inhabitants, who had been faced with one of three political fates: continued association with Portugal leading to gradual independence, immediate independence or integration with Indonesia. The generals in Jakarta decided on integration, evidently because they feared that if independence were chosen, East Timor might some day be used as a staging ground for guerrilla operations mounted by Indonesian dissidents or Communist-backed rebels.

Various armed groups had been struggling for post-independence power in East Timor for six months. In August the Timorese Democratic Union (U.D.T.), a right-wing group favoring Portuguese reversion, fought its way to power in Dili, only to be driven out by the Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor (Fretilin), a leftist group that advocated immediate and total independence. Amid what some Western witnesses described as "bloody carnage," which included children be-



ing bashed to death against the trunks of trees, Fretilin troops forced the Portuguese colonial governor and his aides to flee to an island 20 miles offshore.

Armed and trained by left-leaning sympathizers in the Portuguese army, Fretilin troops drove their rivals in the U.D.T. and other groups right up to the Indonesian border. Alarmed, the Jakarta regime offered sanctuary to some 40,000 Timorese fleeing the fighting. The Indonesians also began rearming the battered troops of the U.D.T. and its allies, including the pro-Indonesian Timorese Popular Democratic Association (APODETI), for a counteroffensive. Fretilin forces, described by an Australian reporter as "looking like a Dad's army of hippies," had set the stage for last week's showdown in November, when, already in retreat, they declared East Timor an independent free state.

Call to Surrender. Lisbon severed diplomatic relations with Jakarta following last week's invasion. It also called upon the United Nations to "protect the territorial integrity" of East Timor. From Jakarta, Indonesia's Foreign Minister Adam Malik coolly dismissed the Portuguese protest, insisting that Indonesian troops had landed in Dili "at the request of the people of East Timor."

As the U.D.T., APODETI and their pro-Indonesian allies set about establishing a provisional government in Dili, Indonesian radio (preceded by a fast-paced rumba) urged remnants of the Fretilin forces hiding in the jungles to "throw down your arms, return home and surrender." If they do not? Last week's fighting reminded many old South Pacific veterans that during World War II, some 400 Australian commandos pinned down 21,000 Japanese troops in a long guerrilla campaign in the wilds of East Timor.

AWARDS

"Beautiful! Terrific!"

"You are a disgrace to the Soviet Union," a plainclothes security policeman told Andrei Sakharov last week as he barred the Russian nuclear physicist from attending the trial of a fellow dissident in Lithuania. At almost the same moment, at Oslo University, the Nobel Prize for Peace was given to Sakharov *in absentia*. He was the first Russian to be so honored (13 Russians have won prizes in the sciences and literature). Sakharov was prevented by the Kremlin from traveling to Oslo, ostensibly for "security" reasons.

His wife, who was allowed to leave Russia earlier for an eye operation, accepted the prize in his stead. Standing on a flower-bedecked podium, Yelena Bonner Sakharov smilingly received the gold Nobel medal and the \$143,000 check that goes with it. Then she read the five-minute acceptance speech that

her husband had managed to send out of the Soviet Union. Characteristically, Russia's most outspoken champion of civil liberties took the occasion to plead for a worldwide amnesty for political prisoners. He also expressed his "deep personal longing" for "genuine disarmament." After the ceremony, Yelena Sakharov watched from her hotel balcony as 2,000 people marched from the university to the Parliament house shouting "Long live the Sakharovs!"

When the award to Sakharov was announced in October, the Soviet press dismissed the Nobel Prize as "a cold war weapon" and denounced the five-member Nobel committee for "political speculating." Still, the Kremlin last week dispatched Economist Leonid Kantorovich to collect his own Nobel Prize in Stockholm (where all but the peace awards are distributed), and sent five former Russian winners as well.

The occasion was the 75th anniversary of the first Nobel awards ceremony. The Nobel committee invited all past winners of the heavy gold medal to Stockholm. Of the 80 who made it to the ceremonies, 32 were from the U.S. Among those present: Albert Szent-Györgyi, 82 (Medicine, 1937) and Glenn Seaborg, 63 (Chemistry, 1951). The uniquely distinguished group was put through a tight schedule of formal receptions, sightseeing and museum visits. Mostly, though, the scholars wanted to exchange scientific gossip and give lectures on their specialties. "It's beautiful—terrific!" said the U.S.'s Gerald M. Edelman, joint winner of the 1972 Nobel Prize for Medicine. "There are so many scientists of stature, so many widely ranging lectures. It's enough to blow out your fuses."

Many of the past Nobel winners who made the trip to Oslo were outraged at the Kremlin's treatment of Sakharov. Linus Pauling, the 1954 winner in chemistry who lost his U.S. passport for a while in 1951 when he was under in-

vestigation for alleged Communist activities, disclosed that he had signed a cable to the Soviet leaders asking that they change their decision about Sakharov. Said he: "I feel people should be allowed to travel."

Symbolic Guests. While his wife was in Oslo, Sakharov was in the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius trying—unsuccessfully—to appear as a character witness at the trial of a friend, Biologist Sergei Kovalev, who was charged with circulating "slandorous fabrications" including an underground Roman Catholic journal. Still awaiting trial on a similar charge is another Sakharov friend, Physicist Andrei Tverdokhlebov. In his award speech, Sakharov described the two imprisoned men as "noble defenders of justice, legality, honor and truthfulness," and invited them to be his symbolic guests in Oslo. As the Nobel ceremonies ended, Kovalev received the unusually severe sentence of seven years in prison and three years in exile.

ANDREI SAKHAROV LEAVING FOR TRIAL



YELENA SAKHAROV ACCEPTING PRIZE

Poor vs. Rich:

A New Global Conflict

THE GAUNT FACES OF POVERTY: FAMISHED REFUGEES IN BANGLADESH

A conflict between two worlds—one rich, one poor—is developing, and the battlefield is the globe itself. On one side are two dozen or so industrialized, non-Communist states whose 750 million citizens consume most of the world's resources, produce most of its manufactured goods and enjoy history's highest standard of living. Demanding an ever larger share of that wealth are about 100 underdeveloped poor states with 2 billion people—millions of whom exist in the shadow of death by starvation or disease. So far, the conflict has been limited to economic pressures and proposals, and speeches in international forums. But the needs of the underprivileged nations are so pressing that some Western politicians—such as British Minister of Overseas Development Reg Prentice—describe them as a “time bomb for the human race.” There are even exaggerated fears that radical poor nations, after acquiring nuclear explosives, might try to blackmail rich nations into giving up their wealth by threatening a nuclear holocaust. A more plausible danger is that the conflict could destroy the international economic system on which the stability of much of the world is based.

The have-nots are often described as the South (in contrast to the industrialized North), the LDCs (less developed countries) or the Third World (in comparison with the First World of the industrialized West and the Second World of Communism). The diplomatic phrase often used by the poor nations is the so-called Group of 77, a consortium of developing countries (actually, there are now 103) within the United Nations.

The leaders of the poor include such articulate spokesmen as Algeria's Houari Boumedienne, Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, Jamaica's Michael Manley and Mexico's Luis Echeverria, who recite a familiar litany of sins that they believe are being committed by the First World against them: imperialism, unjust exploitation of resources, arrogance, waste and neocolonialism. Last month Nyerere told a meeting of the Commonwealth Society in London: “I am saying that it is not right that the vast majority of the world's people should be forced into the position of beggars, without dignity. We demand change, and the only question is whether it comes by dialogue or confrontation.”

In the U.N. General Assembly, where they now constitute a solid and virtually unbeatable voting bloc on any given issue, the developing states have approved resolutions that demand a “new international economic order.” The meaning: massive and painful sacrifices by the rich on behalf of the poor. So one-sided have the Assembly's actions become that the U.S. has denounced

them as “a tyranny of the majority”; outspoken U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Daniel P. Moynihan has characterized them as “the politics of resentment and the economics of envy.”

Nonetheless, the U.S., along with other First World nations, concedes that there is a real grievance behind the angry rhetoric. This week representatives of both rich and poor states will gather in Paris for a conference that could launch a lengthy review of the complex policies affecting world trade, energy and economic development.

The Problems of Poverty

The basic cause of the First World-LDC confrontation is not in dispute: the glaring contrast between the opulent life of the industrialized nations and the poverty, misery and despair that blankets half the world's inhabitants. An estimated 1 billion of them suffer in some degree from malnutrition; perhaps half a million die of starvation annually. Lacking sanitary water as well as insecticides and disinfectants, tens of millions are struck down with debilitating disease—malaria, typhoid, hookworm, dysentery, cholera.

Although the Third World population is literally exploding—there are 200,000 new mouths to feed every day—the land available for growing food is diminishing. In many parts of the developing world, valuable farm acreage has been abandoned because of urban sprawl, soil erosion and desert encroachment. As life in the countryside becomes too wretched to endure, millions of peasants abandon their farms and head for the slums of the developing world's cities, vainly seeking jobs that do not exist. Whether they are called *favelas*, *ranchos*, *bustees*, *barriadas* or *bidonvilles*, there is a tragic sameness about these hovels where millions live and die: the fragile shacks made of cardboard or rusting corrugated sheet metal, the famished children's distended bellies, the inescapable stench of human beings packed tightly together without ready access to water or toilets (see box page 38).

Widespread poverty is a problem that afflicts all underdeveloped countries. Nonetheless, they differ among themselves so greatly in their economic promise that it makes more sense these days to divide the globe into five worlds instead of three.

THE FIRST WORLD includes the advanced industrial nations of Europe, North America and Asia that accept a more or less capitalist, market-oriented economy. The U.S., Canada, Japan, most

of the nations of Western Europe, New Zealand and Australia clearly qualify. South Africa, Portugal, Greece, Spain and Argentina are borderline cases.

THE SECOND WORLD includes the 1.3 billion people of the world's centrally planned, Communist-run nations, with the exception of Yugoslavia, which has a somewhat mixed economy.

THE THIRD WORLD, with 620 million inhabitants, is made up of a large body of still poor states that need time and technology, rather than massive foreign aid, to build modern, developed economies. The nations in this category include the revenue-rich members of OPEC (Organization of Oil Exporting Countries), as well as states whose development may be guaranteed by other key natural resources: Zaire and Zambia (copper), Morocco (phosphates), Malaysia (tin, rubber and timber). Into this group also fall nations like Taiwan, Singapore, South Korea, Mexico and Brazil, which are developed enough to attract foreign investment and borrow on commercial terms.

MODERN SKYSCRAPERS OVERLOOKING SLUM DWELLINGS IN BOMBAY



THE FOURTH WORLD contains the LDCs that have some raw materials, some modern economic infrastructure and some trained technocrats and administrators and thus could eventually achieve self-sustaining economic growth. But unlike Third World countries, they need significant financial help and special treatment by the industrial powers to spur exports of their goods and imports of technology. This group, with a population of 930 million, includes Peru, the Dominican Republic, Liberia, Jordan, Egypt, Thailand and Guinea-Bissau.

THE FIFTH WORLD countries, comprising 175 million inhabitants, are the globe's true basket cases, perhaps doomed to remain on a permanent dole. They have few, if any, easily exploitable resources to sell abroad, and most are seemingly unable to grow enough food to feed themselves. The most notable catastrophe countries are Mali, Chad, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda and Bangladesh.

Like 19th century Poland—which was said to be not so much a country as a state of mind—the poor nations are united more perhaps by attitude than by geography. Underlying that unity are a gnawing sense of anger against the West and a common feeling that their fate is not in their own hands. Two related events galvanized them into a cohesive bloc: the 1973 decision by the ministers of OPEC to quadruple the price of oil, which had been \$2 per barrel, and the Arab nations' imposition of an oil embargo at the time of the October War. The LDCs—even those not directly involved in oil exports or the Middle East conflict—were exhilarated. They saw both actions as proof that the industrialized West was vulnerable to collective pressures from the poor nations. "For the first time since the rise of Western capitalism, a decision affecting the world economy was taken outside the West," says Ismail Sabry Abdullah, director of Egypt's Institute of National Planning.

Much to the surprise of some Western observers, the unity of the poor in confrontation with the rich has survived, even though the OPEC price hike did more harm to the economies of underdeveloped nations than to those of the West. Most First World countries ultimately succeeded in boosting exports of their manufactured goods and technology enough to offset the higher import costs of petroleum. Developing countries, on the other hand, have had to spend so much of their foreign currency reserves on costlier oil or petroleum products that many have had to cut back sharply on development plans requiring capital equipment imported from the West. By joining in the chorus that blames the First World for the economic problems of the underdeveloped states, OPEC has been able to deflect responsibility for the disastrous impact of higher oil prices. Many underdeveloped countries, moreover, have been actively trying to create OPEC-like cartels in order to increase profits on their own commodity exports. While bauxite exporters have been able to hike their prices, copper producers have not.

The anger and unity of the poor have been reinforced by the worldwide recession. If nothing else, the slump demonstrated how dependent the developing economies still are on the pros-

HUNGRY NOMADS IN WEST AFRICA'S PARCHED SAHEL



THE WORLD

perity of the First World. When the industrialized West's consumption of LDC raw materials dropped, so did the price of many commodities. The world price of copper, for example, has plummeted from \$1.52 per lb. in mid-1974 to 53¢ today. To cover deficits caused by the loss of sales to the West and the increase in imported oil prices, many developing countries have had to borrow heavily. Their total foreign debt will reach an estimated \$175 billion by year's end. In some countries, debt servicing on loans accounts for about 50% of the aid received from the First World.

In attacking the First World's complacency, the developing nations make four main charges, each of which contains some truth:

1) Colonial exploitation raped defenseless societies, depriving them of their natural resources and destroying traditional social relationships.

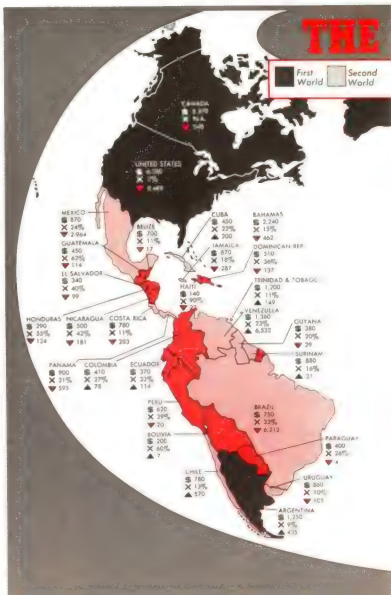
As proof, spokesmen for developing nations frequently point to Egypt; industries founded there in the early 19th century, when the country was autonomous although under loose Turkish sovereignty, were dismantled by the British after they occupied the country in 1882. Still, there is ample evidence that colonialism actually improved most societies. In 1962, for example, Algeria acquired railways, roads, ports, airfields, hospitals, schools, water supplies and power stations from the departing French—not to mention a thriving network of profitable farms that have since been all but ruined by heavyhanded socialist administration.

2) In the post-colonial period, the First World has rigged the international economic system to keep the poor dependent.

It is true that the First World has favored imports of LDC commodities rather than manufactured products. This may have discouraged the growth of industry in some of the developing nations and hindered economic diversification. The reliance on a single crop or mineral for export earnings painfully exposes many poor countries to erratic swings in the price of raw materials. Still, while trade relations are not always equitable, it is highly debatable whether the First World has really been using trade to exploit the developing countries. If that were so, notes British Economist P.T. Bauer, then nations like Taiwan, Singapore, Brazil and South Korea, which are the most involved in extensive foreign trade, would not have become the most prosperous LDCs. Bauer rightly points out that the poorest states are "those with the fewest or no external contacts."

3) Foreign aid has done little to help the poor, but has instead created enclaves of privileged elites addicted to First World luxuries and living standards.

Imported technology almost inevitably brings along elements of the civilization that created it, such as high consumption patterns. But poor nations have to accept that fact if they want to stimulate economic growth. Moreover, if the benefits of growth do not reach all segments of a developing country's population, the fault usually lies more with the aid recipient than with the donor. Hyperinflated bureaucracies and corrupt officials in a poor state, for instance, claim a large share of their nation's output, while widespread illiteracy limits access to new jobs stimulated by the economic development. While foreign investors may bring capital-intensive, labor-saving equipment into a country where there is massive unemployment, they frequently do so to offset the high wages that governments and trade



unions would otherwise force them to pay urban workers.

4) Through aid programs, investments and exportation of culture, the First World—most notably the U.S.—has undermined the dignity and self-sufficiency of the underdeveloped states.

This is a romanticist populist argument, reflecting a widespread and partly justifiable resentment against the corrosive impact of modernization on traditional values. It is a complaint, however, more properly leveled at the concepts of technology and progress rather than at the First World. After all, no aid donor forces a poor country to opt for economic growth. South Korea's Deputy Premier Nam Duck Woo recently noted what ought to be obvious to all underdeveloped countries: "As people get richer, their values become more materialistic, less spiritual. But I suppose this is a price we all pay." Moreover, the image of underdeveloped countries as idyllic Arcadias despoiled by contact with the First World is a myth. Disease, famine and violence (sometimes even cannibalism) were rampant in primitive societies; inequality of wealth and power was the rule rather than the exception. Almost all the underdeveloped nations were poor before industrialization began in the North, and they cannot blame their continued impoverishment on the First World's success.

down from its original insistence that the agenda be limited to energy matters. The 27 delegations* are now empowered to establish commissions to deal with the problems of trade, economic development and international finances as well as energy.

Washington's turn-around has been welcomed by other First World nations, notably Western European countries that are much more vulnerable to commodity embargoes and trade disruptions than is the U.S. economy. Europe and Japan, unlike the U.S., possess few of the raw materials consumed by their industries. German officials actually call aid "a strategic element more than an ethical obligation."

In fact, First World aid has already been considerable. During the past 15 years, an era in which most of the Group of 77 gained independence, nonmilitary gifts to developing countries from the First World have totaled about \$57 billion, and concessional loans have comprised some \$84 billion. During the 1960s the U.S. contributed more than half of that assistance. Last year it gave 30% of the \$11.3 billion in aid, \$14 billion in private investment and \$2.2 billion in the form of technical assistance that flowed from the First World to the poor.

As generous as this aid seems, it falls short of the goal set by the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) and accepted by all First World states—an annual transfer of .7% of



its G.N.P. to developing nations in the form of grants or low-interest loans. Last year First World aid equaled only .33% of its combined G.N.P., down significantly from the 44% level of the mid-1960s; U.S. aid last year was .23%.

For all the complaints about First World aid, the poor seldom criticize the Second World's miserly transfer of a mere .1% of its G.N.P. as assistance to non-Communist LDCs in the past two decades: \$10 billion from the Soviet Union and \$5.5 billion from China. At recent U.N. sessions, both the Soviets and the Chinese failed to suggest any new proposals for development programs; their silence has since drawn increasing private criticism from LDC diplomats. The Soviet rejoinder: "The imperialist powers are responsible for the economic backwardness of the developing countries; it is their obligation to recompense them for their plunder of their wealth."

Another source of aid, still untapped by most underdeveloped states, is the bulging coffers of OPEC. This year the cartel's members are expected to earn \$100 billion; even with the astronomical sums being spent on themselves, they will still have a balance of payments surplus of about \$40 billion. While OPEC has promised assistance to many Fourth and Fifth World states whose economies have been ravaged by the high cost of imported oil, nearly all of the \$2.2 billion it disbursed as aid last year went only to Arab and other Moslem countries.

In recent years, the First World's foreign-aid approach of the 1950s and 1960s has been widely criticized for frequently having been too politically motivated, too concerned with showy projects and inappropriate to the needs of the recipients. There is some truth to this, reports TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Wil-

*The U.S., Canada, the Common Market, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Japan and Australia from the First World; Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Algeria, Indonesia, Venezuela and Nigeria from OPEC; and India, Pakistan, Yugoslavia, Egypt, Cameroon, Zaire, Zambia, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Peru and Jamaica from the developing world.

How the Bottom Billion Live

In the slums of the Third World, a daily battle against hunger, disease and the elements is waged, and it is much the same in Rio's favelas as in Calcutta's bustees. The hopes and aspirations of the poor are almost pitifully simple: a living wage, a decent dwelling and a school for their children. And yet for so many these basic amenities are out of reach. TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn visited a cotton-growing region in the Nile delta some 80 miles southeast of Cairo, while Bernard Diederich talked to the inhabitants of a slum in Mexico City. Their reports:

Egypt's Fellahin: The Poorest Try Hardest

When you first arrive in the dusty Nile delta village of El Bahu, you get the feeling that the people there have made almost no progress since Pharaonic times in the struggle against poverty, ignorance and disease. Mud-brick, flat-topped houses sit in an island of dust in a sea of green fields. The village is bor-

dered on two sides by a tiny canal that is shaded by weeping willows, but the water is gray with filth and refuse. Dressed in knee-length tunics and pantaloons, the women of the village squat at the canal's edge to do their laundry and wash their pots and pans in the turbid, disease-infested water.

In the carpet of dust of El Bahu's one street, a skinny crone pats into bricks a mass of inky black, slimy mud mixed with straw, the same kind of building material used in Moses' time. The old woman's husband, Hammouda Hamed, tills his two acres of land very much as his ancient Egyptian ancestors did. He lifts water from irrigation rivulets to his field by hand-turning an Archimedean screw invented in antiquity. He gets water up to the level of the field by the ages-old device of blindfolding his *gamoosa* (water buffalo) and driving the animal around in a circle to turn a water wheel. At night, Hammouda's buffalo and chickens sleep in the house with his wife and five children.

A new element has recently

been injected into this depressing scene: hope that things can be better. For the first time in El Bahu's history, there is a water faucet in the village and the people have clean water to drink instead of the silt-heavy Nile. Only a few hundred yards away, the people can see power lines bringing electricity generated by the Aswan High Dam 500 miles to the south. Within a year they too will have light for their houses. As a result, there is a new kind of farmer in the Nile delta, who buys up land in anticipation of what progress the dam will bring.

There is also a new elementary school two miles from El Bahu, which means that the children of the village are the first in its history to be able to get an education. "At first, we thought the school would ruin us," said one middle-aged fellah. "We need the children to go into the fields in the spring and pick the eggs of the cotton worms before they hatch. With all of them in school instead of in the fields we were in danger of disaster. But the government agreed to change the school term. Instead of ending in midsummer, the way they do in the cities, out here it ends in May, so the children can still work in the fields."

What worries some parents is that as those children learn to read and write, they will drift away to the towns and cities, looking for jobs as drivers, messengers, clerks, hotel servants. Some will manage to get through universities; once they earn a bachelor's degree, the government guarantees them jobs in the civil service or state-owned industries. "Even our young widows are going to school," says an old fellah. "In the old



liam Smith: "The industrial plants the donors have supplied have been often technologically unsuited to the needs of the recipient. The imported factories may be capital- rather than labor-intensive, wrong for the climate and habits of the local workers and perhaps even designed to process raw materials of a different quality."

Even more serious has been the slighting of rural problems, particularly the necessity of helping developing countries increase food production. Thus even outright food aid, like the 270.5 million metric tons given away since 1955 by the U.S., may have some negative impact if it allows governments to avoid the politically unpopular policies needed to boost agricultural output.

Foreign aid has often been more effective than most of the poor are willing to admit. Dotting the developing countries are new dams, low-rent public housing, irrigation systems, power plants and canals. These projects have significantly contributed to the impressive 5.5% annual G.N.P. increase logged by the LDCs as a group during the 1960s, and the nearly 6% annual rise from 1970 to 1974. These gains, of course, were not evenly distributed; a dozen or so nations, such as Brazil, South Korea and Taiwan, developed much more quickly than most of the others, while a few, including Southern Yemen and Niger, have actually had a negative rate of growth. In many underdeveloped countries, moreover, programs that have achieved targeted rates of growth have failed to raise living standards or generate savings because the gains have been offset by population growth. Swiss Economist Paul Bairoch points out that the pace of agricultural growth in the developing world has compared favorably with that of the First World in its period of economic takeoff during the 19th century. "The real difference between the performance

of the two," stresses Bairoch, "is caused by the growth of population." During its industrial revolution, the West's population grew about .5% annually; the poor countries today are expanding at a yearly rate of 2.6%.

What Can Be Done for Them

Clearly, First World nations can do much to improve the effectiveness of their aid to the developing countries. Among the principal steps recommended by economists:

- Channel a greater portion of financial assistance through international agencies, such as the World Bank, which would provide fiscal supervision of projects and also defuse criticism by the poor that the aid is politically motivated. The bank, in fact, is already a major source of development money; this year it has committed \$1.5 billion in low-interest loans.

- Provide more aid aimed at increasing food output. Britain has already adopted a "rural strategy" for its overseas-aid program, and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has endorsed the establishment of an International Fund for Agricultural Development to research new techniques for cultivating land. The World Bank has currently earmarked \$1 billion for projects to aid the rural poor. The First World could also underwrite the cost of bringing new lands under the plow. Huge areas of Africa are suitable for livestock ranching but cannot be developed until money is available to eliminate diseases that attack both cattle and herd-



days, they would be looking for second husbands. Now they want to become schoolteachers." Adds a more affluent fellow: "It's the very poorest people here who are trying hardest to educate their children. They see education as a way to escape the misery and drudgery of farm life." No wonder. In the delta, a two-acre farmer like Hammouda is lucky to earn \$400 a year; a landless farmworker makes only half that much. Even life in the slums of Cairo, to many of the young, sounds better than that.

Mexico's Paracaidistas: The City Dehumanizes People

The stench of refuse, open sewers and pigs wallowing in mud hung heavily over the abandoned quarry. Six small children sat around an open wood fire eating their breakfast of bread and coffee. Two women scrubbed clothes in the open while a small boy struggled under the weight of two five-gallon cans of water slung from a pole across his shoulders.

This is "El Troche," a *ciudad perdida* (lost city), or urban slum, less than half a mile from Mexico City's fashionable Paseo de la Reforma. It was early Saturday morning, but drunks were already weaving their way down the slope from a little clandestine tavern selling pulque, a cheap but potent drink that the Aztecs used during religious ceremonies. The people of El Troche are at the bottom of Mexican society, which calls them *paracaidistas* (paratroopers) because they seem to parachute out of the sky onto any vacant piece of land. Then, like an army of ants, they hastily

erect their little *jacales*—shacks literally made of rubbish.

In El Troche, families of ten and twelve members crowd into the dingy, single-room, windowless *jacales*. Those lucky enough to have beds sleep three or four together. Otherwise, they lie on the dirt floor. TV antennas sprout from some of the huts, but electricity is the only city service they receive. Water must be carried from a single outlet in El Troche. The nearby undergrowth serves as a toilet. Garbage is dumped out the front door for the pigs to eat.

Since 1940 Mexico City's population has grown from 1.5 million to more than 11 million, nearly a third of whom live without some city services. Many are campesinos fleeing rural poverty, who crowd into the capital on an average of a thousand a day. Warning posters emphasizing Mexico City's smog, traffic and unemployment are posted in marketplaces to discourage the peasant migration. But still they come.

Explains Refugio López Ortega, 45, who earns \$3.40 a day as a laborer: "It is tough living in the city but tougher living in the country. I left a little farm in the state of Michoacán in 1942, and I would not return there for anything. I never went to school. Here my children go to school." Ortega and his family of eight live in a single-room *jacale* at "La Cuchilla" (The Knife), a squatters' community on a ledge high above El Troche. His food bill is \$4 a day, and he must somehow find money for school

uniforms and books for the children. To help out, his wife works as a laundress.

Worrying about food, lodging, schools and health leaves slum dwellers little time to think about the future. Surprisingly, many of the poor remain deeply conservative and have not yet been radicalized by leftist rhetoric. Fidel Guzmán, who as a child supported himself on the streets by selling *Chieles*, admits that if he were not so cynical he might have become a Communist. As it is, he has no faith in politicians of any persuasion. He feels that only the rich benefit from Mexico's social and economic progress. "Mexico City dehumanizes people," he says. "I don't want that to happen to my children. I have decided one day to go to the village of my wife in Oaxaca. There I want to be a farmer." But Guzmán also confesses he has no idea of what farm life is like.



THE WORLD

ers. Also badly needed: improved food-storage systems to prevent the massive destruction of grains by rot, insects, rodents and monkeys. In Calcutta, in fact, up to 30% of the stored grain is devoured by mice and other pests.

► Help stabilize the export earnings of the Fourth and Fifth World countries to enable them to reduce the wild price fluctuations of the commodity markets and develop a realistic strategy for economic growth. The Common Market, for example, recently inaugurated its Stabex plan, which establishes a \$450 million fund to be used to help 46 African, Caribbean and Pacific states, whose principal exports include cocoa, coffee, copra and cotton. If one of these countries' commodity earnings drop below an established minimum, it can draw an amount equal to the shortfall from the fund; when the commodity earnings recover, the fund is repaid.

► Eliminate remaining barriers to imports of the less developed countries' goods. This means not only granting preferential tariffs, as the U.S. has just done on 2,724 products, but also revising the complex regulations that in effect act as non-tariff barriers to imports.

► Transfer technology and pursue research specifically suit-



ed to Fourth and Fifth World conditions. An Indian agricultural expert stresses, for instance, that his country may have less need for "miracle seeds" than for an improved oxen-driven steel hoe or an improved bullock cart.

Though these measures fall far short of a new economic order, they should nonetheless enable many Fourth World countries to achieve self-sustaining growth. For all its voluble critics, the present international economic system probably provides the most efficient allocation of the earth's labor and resources.

It is unrealistic for the Group of 77 to expect the First World voluntarily to dismantle the existing economic order and slash the living standards of its citizens. It is even questionable whether most First World electorates would tolerate a major increase in foreign aid or whether trade unions would allow unrestricted competition for goods produced by cheap labor in developing lands. In one recent survey, Americans ranked economic aid and loans to the poor no higher than 20th on a list of 23 areas in which they would like to see their tax money spent.

Thus if there is to be a useful dialogue on economic justice, the developing countries must come to understand the limits of

Two Success Stories

The Horatio Algers of the developing world are South Korea and Taiwan. Until the end of World War II, both countries were exploited colonies of Japan; they lacked natural resources and had almost no industrial base. Moreover, South Korea suffered a devastating war between 1950 and 1953, while Taiwan was shaken by the Communist takeover

and civil servants. Peasant proprietors are thriving in the countryside. Per capita G.N.P. has risen to \$660 in Taiwan, \$380 in Korea—fourth and fifth highest in Asia after Japan, Singapore and Hong Kong.

The labels "Made in Taiwan" and "Made in Korea" on textiles, transistor radios, television sets and wigs are known throughout the world. In Taiwan and Korea, manufactured goods comprise 66% and 75% respectively of each country's exports, compared with 5% for most developing countries. Saudi Arabia turned to Taiwanese contractors for its rural electrification and road-building programs, and South Koreans are helping Iran untangle a nearly paralyzing transportation bottleneck. Taiwan even has its own foreign aid program called "Operation Vanguard," which sponsors agricultural, industrial and medical projects in 21 other developing nations.

Both governments have efficiently mobilized their major asset, a hard-working population, by offering material rewards and improved living standards. South Korea coupled land reform, through which nearly all agricultural acreage became the property of its cultivators, with a policy that allowed food prices to rise enough so that farmers were encouraged to work hard to increase output. As a result, peasants earn more than urban factory workers—an average \$139 per month, compared with \$133 for factory workers—and produce more rice per acre than the industrious Japanese. In Taiwan, government-sponsored rural associations give each farmer access to credit, warehousing, marketing and procurement services and the latest advances in agronomy.

Through tax incentives and guarantees, South Korea and Taiwan have en-

couraged local investors to support labor-intensive industries that earn foreign exchange. Two years ago, the lure of higher income prompted Han Chang Soo to quit a secure \$120-a-month job with the Korean tax department. He raised \$70,000, rented a small plant in Seoul, hired 20 workers, bought some used machinery and began manufacturing large-headed roofing nails; this year his sales—mostly exports to the U.S.—will reach \$200,000.

Both nations have invested heavily in research and development. They have even been able to woo home scientists who had studied and worked abroad. "What goes on around the world is a war of brains. We have no choice but to plunge into it for our own survival and future prosperity," says Ahn Young Ok, 43. A \$16,000-a-year DuPont engineer in Delaware, Ahn took a pay cut to return to Seoul, where he is now a top official in the Korean Institute of Science and Technology.

Because of the worldwide recession, the economies of the two countries have slowed considerably in the past year; both have trade deficits and mounting debts. Yet these difficulties are probably temporary. A long-range problem may be unrest created by harsh working conditions, especially in the factories: hours are long (averaging 48 a week in Korea, 54 a week in Taiwan), pay is low (\$50 per month starting wages in Korea, \$35 in Taiwan), and unions, insofar as they exist, have little power to combat managerial excesses. But this is typical of all countries in the early stages of industrialization. "There is criticism that we are exploiting labor with low wages," says Korean Deputy Prime Minister Nam Duck Woot. "But in my view, the first stage is getting the economy going; the next stage is to consider [social] welfare. First growth and efficiency, then equity."

HARVESTING GRAIN IN TAIWAN

of the Chinese mainland and the subsequent arrival of 2 million of Chiang Kai-shek's followers.

Nonetheless, South Korea and Taiwan have both made rapid strides toward building developed economies. They were assisted by massive amounts of public and private aid, loans and investment, mainly from the U.S. and Japan: \$7 billion in Korea and over \$2 billion in Taiwan. Their bustling cities

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what the First World can and will do. The poor must understand that they need the resources of the rich—and capital, technology and markets—more than the First World requires the LDCs' raw material. Reports TIME Economics Correspondent John Berry: "There is hope in Washington that the

discussions in the specialized commissions set up by this week's Paris conference will convince most LDC leaders that some of their favorite projects would hurt instead of help them. Indexing, for example, would drive some developing countries even deeper into the hole, for they are net importers of commodities." Dietrich Keschull, of Hamburg's HWWA Institute of Economic Research, says that manufacturers in the developed countries would add the higher cost of their raw materials to the prices of the finished products. Warns Keschull: "The commodity price increases, which at first may have been helpful to the less developed countries, would hit them badly in the second round."

A ban on synthetics would be similarly foolish, for it would impede technical progress. The poor may even be disappointed by the results achieved by new cartels. Unlike petroleum, other raw materials face tough competition from substitutes, synthetics and recycling. If bauxite becomes too costly, other materials can be used to replace aluminum; containers, for example, may be made from tin or glass instead. Moreover, as a cartel drives up the price of a commodity, at some point it becomes economical to reprocess scrap materials—something impossible for oil.

What They Must Do Themselves

Foreign financial help alone cannot solve the poor's economic problems. "No nation, no matter how rich, can develop another country," says Egypt's Ismail Sabry Abdullah. There is much, in fact, that the developing world must do for itself.

► **Stress agricultural development.** Not only must the countryside help feed the nation, it must also provide savings to fuel future growth and be able to consume the goods produced by its developing industries. The poor countries should provide the small landholders with low-cost credit and technical help; the farmers must also be allowed to charge enough for their crops to give them the material rewards for increased output. Labor-intensive manufacturing, using simple machinery—perhaps even the spinning wheel advocated by India's Mohandas Gandhi—should be located in rural areas to use productively the vast armies of underemployed.

► **Limit population growth.** The poor countries must recognize that they are—as U.S. Economist Rawley Farley puts it—in an "anxious race between demography and development." In nearly all the developing nations, the consumption demands of increased population are undermining even the best strategies for economic development. Egypt's Aswan High Dam, for instance, has added 25% to that country's arable land; yet, between 1955 when plans for the dam were conceived and 1970 when the project was completed, the population of the country swelled a staggering 50%, to more than 30 million.

► **Reform education.** School curriculums should stress vocational training. Because students have preferred to major in the humanities, arts and social sciences, most poor nations have plenty of lawyers and graduates in literature, but woefully few technicians and mechanics.

► **Encourage entrepreneurs.** Because of a widespread ideological commitment to the need for an "equitable" distribution of income, entrepreneurial initiative is frequently quashed—and with it, a dynamic needed to spur economic development. Many developing countries are hostile to business and take a dim view of profits; policies favoring featherbedding in order to cut unemployment rosters result in economic inefficiencies. The leaders of poor states may have to recognize that by choosing "equity," they may be delaying or even preventing development. Successful businessmen, skilled workers and innovators should be rewarded with high earnings, even if it means that their living standards rise more rapidly than the rest of the society's. Although incomes are increasingly unevenly distributed during the early stages of industrialization, they gradually become more equitable as development continues.

► **Reject prestige projects.** Instead of constructing huge sports stadiums, sprawling airports and sparkling conference halls, poor countries could invest in so-called bottleneck-breaking programs: transportation and communication infrastructures that spur efficient industrial and agricultural output.

► **Encourage foreign investment.** The LDCs' quickest route to First World capital, technology, research and marketing skills is probably through the local branch of a multinational corporation. Yet many developing countries seem determined to drive out the foreign investor. LDC rhetoric, for example, has made the multinational a pariah, branding it as the handmaiden of neocolonialist exploitation. Many corporation executives believe that laws could be enacted making the multinational responsive to local government without necessarily creating an environment hostile to foreign capital.

The Need for Dialogue

While there is much the poor must do for themselves, some obstacles are not easily overcome. Most of the poor nations, for example, are burdened with a tropical climate, which lowers both soil fertility and levels of human exertion. Many also lack the cultural milieu to reinforce individual initiative and social concern for progress. "What holds back many LDCs is the people who live there," says P.T. Bauer. "Material achievement depends primarily on people's attitudes, motivation and mores. In many LDCs, popular mores are often uncongenial to economic development; there is widespread fatalism and torpor and preference for a contemplative life." For many traditional African societies, work is considered only a means of survival rather than a way to improve one's living standard.

Even for the best-endowed Third and Fourth World states, development will be a long, slow process. "We warn those who today demand a fast redistribution of wealth not to be impatient," declared West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt in a recent New York speech. "In Europe, the process of industrialization has so far lasted about 200 years." Modern methods of agriculture, in fact, advanced through Europe in the 19th century at the snail's pace of only a few miles yearly.

There is much the world's developing states can learn from the First World. But this will require a dialogue rather than the hostility of the past two years. "It could go back to the jungle," warns a Harvard political scientist. "It is a toss-up whether the developing countries opt for economic progress or instead, for winning symbolic points by twitting the industrial states."

If the developing countries carry their tactics of harassment into this week's Paris conference and later into the four specialized commissions, they may be squandering an unprecedented opportunity to involve the First World in a new strategy for development. Those poor nations genuinely committed to economic growth rather than continuing a verbal assault on the First World may begin to discover that their self-interest lies with the industrial states rather than with the Group of 77.

The Paris conference is also an opportunity for the First World. There, and at next May's UNCTAD conference in Nairobi and the ongoing trade talks in Geneva, the North will have to demonstrate its readiness to consider reasonable requests for changes in the international economic system. If the

developed countries seem unwilling to make any substantive concessions, the poor countries may well conclude that only a new wave of confrontation can bring gains. Then Secretary of State Kissinger's warning to the U.N. last September may become prophetic: "The division of the planet between rich and poor could become as grim as the darkest days of the cold war."



SKETCHES FOR THE WORLD BY BILL DODGE

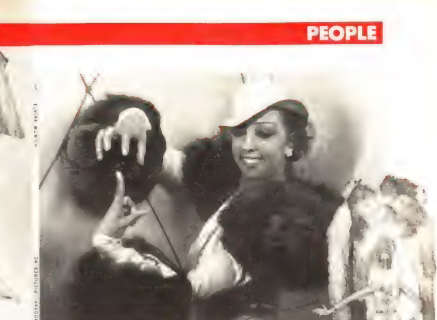


ISADORA DUNCAN: STILL A CLASSIC

Marisa Berenson wore translucent chiffon, Lee Radziwill wore pleated red silk, and Naomi Sims wore a white dress with tightly wrapped top. But even their clothes were no match for some of the costumes in "American Women in Style," the new show that opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute last week. The main attractions of the exhibit, organized by Diana Vreeland, were the eloquently unfettered wardrobes of two great dancers. Isadora Duncan, a free-spirited sensation of *La Belle Epoque*, considered herself built along the lines of the Venus de Milo and often performed her astounding dances wearing nothing but a chiffon shawl. In an adjoining room, the eye-popping costumes of St. Louis-born Folies-Bergere Dancer Josephine Baker provided a contrast to Isadora's severity. One of them was a sequined fishnet leotard, another a skirt of white satin bananas. "I wasn't really naked," Josephine used to say. "I simply didn't have any clothes on."

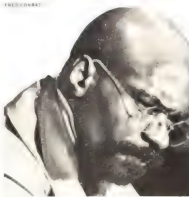
It all began when a three-year-old won an amateur contest in Philadelphia with his rendition of a song called *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You*. Last week in Las Vegas, Sammy Davis Jr. celebrated his 50th birthday and 47th year in show business, and concluded that getting there was half the fun. "Sure," he admitted, "I get bored sometimes saying, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, here's a little song I have for you.' But it's good money in the bank, and show biz is the only life I want."

Some titles are harder to live up to than others. Take Prince Charles, who last week received the right to list himself as a Companion Rat in the Grand Order of Water Rats, a venerable fra-



JOSEPHINE BAKER: A FANTASY IN FISHNET & BANANAS

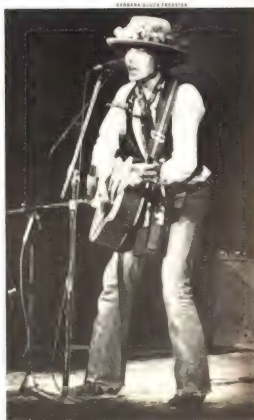
ternity of comedians whose peers include Danny Kaye, Charlie Chaplin and Peter Sellers. After his investiture, the Royal Rat fell in with the tone of the organization by noting that next year he will assume command of a Royal Navy minesweeper. "Let me say," he warned, "that if any of you here today are considering sailing in the North Sea... or own an oil rig in Scottish waters, I strongly advise you to increase your insurance contribution forthwith."



"HURRICANE" CARTER HOPING FOR RETRIAL

"It looks like I'm gettin' ready to fight someone," Muhammad Ali mused as he stared at the 20,000 people packed into Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week. The occasion was a battle of sorts: a benefit concert for Rubin ("Hurricane") Carter, a black middleweight boxer imprisoned since 1966 for a murder that he claims he did not commit. "You people out there, you have the connection and the complexion to get the protection," quoth Ali before surrendering the stage to a four-hour musical downpour that starred Bob Dyl-

an, sounding like the old adenoidal prince of protest when he delivered his new song, *Hurricane*. Also on hand Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Ronnie Blakley and Roberta Flack. Sixty miles away in the Clinton, N.J., Correctional Institution, Carter listened to the concert by telephone—and continued to wait for the Governor to act on his appeal for a retrial.



BOB DYLAN STRUMMING A PROTEST AT BENEFIT CONCERT

David and Goliath

Two years after he left the White House, Lyndon Johnson was filming some documentaries for his favorite network, CBS. During a break, Producer John Sharnick casually asked L.B.J. about changes in politics since he first went to Congress in 1937. "All you guys in the media. All of politics have changed because of you," Johnson shot back vehemently. "You've given us a new kind of people—Teddy, Tunney, No [political] machine could ever create a Teddy Kennedy. Only you guys."

Writer David Halberstam thinks L.B.J. had a good point. So good, in fact, that Halberstam is writing a book that examines power, especially the power of the television Goliath. He is two years and 400 pages into the project and reck-

on it has failed, according to Halberstam, because the one-eyed beast was just too potent. Johnson considered Walter Cronkite's call for an end to the Viet Nam War in 1968 such a setback, says Halberstam, that it solidified his resolve not to run for re-election. Nixon Subordinate John Ehrlichman, angered by CBS's abrasive White House correspondent Dan Rather, tried to have him transferred, but CBS News stood firm.

Yet television, Halberstam contends, is a reluctant adversary of Presidents. He has studied CBS, which he considers "the best"—and concludes that profits, more than public interest,

expand the evening news. But as television audiences—and the cost of advertising—grew, the inevitable drive to improve profits led Paley to increase the number of popular entertainment shows. The distinguished weekly documentary *See It Now* with Edward R. Murrow, for example, was often shunted from one time slot to another and finally canceled. Paley, says Halberstam, found it too controversial and not profitable enough. In 1972, says Halberstam, Paley intervened in newsroom decision making in a more chilling way. He tried to cancel the second segment of an *Evening News* report on Watergate, the result of White House pressure. The report finally ran but at about half its planned length. Yet CBS has since aired excellent public-affairs programs and has just returned the highly regarded *60 Minutes* to regular prime time.

Two Quarts. The *Atlantic* excerpts are vintage Halberstam, rich in anecdotes and exhaustively detailed. There is CBS Star Jack Benny's wife Mary Livingston bullying a Paris correspondent to produce for her, during a holiday weekend, two quarts of the perfume that Paley's wife favored. Then there is Paley himself, coldly dismissing a close associate of 40 years who had angered him, saying, "We were never friends. You were my lawyer."

Halberstam, 41, estimates he will tap 600 people before he is done. Aggressive and sometimes abrasive, he uses a technique he calls "bracketing, like they do in the artillery. You lob a shell over here, then one closer to the other side. Then you narrow in." The final product, which he works on between treks on the college lecture circuit, will also include an examination of radio, the computer industry, newspapers and magazines. Halberstam's conclusion along with TV, they control information, and "information is power."

Flimflam Man

David Halberstam's CBS chronicles do not include the network's latest misadventure in pursuit of news. Two weeks ago Clarence Newton ("Chuck") Medlin, 49, approached a Greensboro, N.C., freelance writer named Patrick O'Keefe and told him that he knew where to find the body of missing former Teamsters Union President James Hoffa. Medlin, a sinister-looking self-professed former hit man, said he had once served as Hoffa's bodyguard and had learned of his old boss's final resting place from the hired killer who put him there.

O'Keefe brought Medlin to Manhattan, where the tipster soon had CBS News executives hoping that he would lead them to the scoop of the year. He threatened network employees with violence if he did not get his way, and em-



CBS CHAIRMAN PALEY

ons he has another 18 months to go. But admirers of Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* will not have to wait that long to read his new work. Two lengthy excerpts will appear in the January and February issues of the *Atlantic*.

Halberstam says that television plus a handful of newspapers and magazines have become powerful opinion shapers in the past 20 years. TV in particular has strengthened the presidency, he feels, because it has provided Presidents with instant access to millions of citizens. Congress, created to serve as a check on presidential power, gets little air time for its views and therefore, says Halberstam, has become weaker.

Like John Kennedy, Johnson and Richard Nixon understood the might of television and tried to use it. They ul-



WRITER DAVID HALBERSTAM
Lobbing shells.

tern govern programming decisions. When CBS pre-empted its regular shows to televise the 1966 Senate hearings on the Viet Nam War, the loss to the network, says Halberstam, ran to \$175,000 in advertising revenue for the first day. Then CBS News Chief Fred Friendly was told by a superior that housewives had no interest in the hearings; the coverage was abruptly curtailed, and Friendly quit.

According to Halberstam, the man most interested in the bottom line is CBS Inc. Chairman William S. Paley. In the early days of TV, Paley gave his news team free rein and approved a plan to



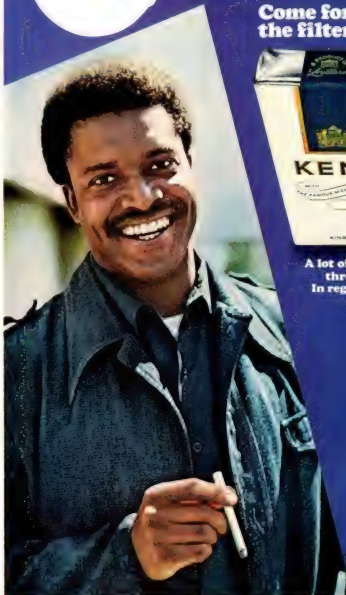
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THE PRESS

phasized his seriousness of purpose with a demonstration of karate-style kicks. "He's the most terrifying guy I've ever seen," said CBS News President Richard Salant.

CBS had been widely criticized earlier this year for paying as much as \$100,000 for an interview with former Nixon Aide H.R. Haldeman. This time, Salant decided to hire O'Keefe as a "consultant," pay him \$1,000 to tape an interview with Medlin, and give him \$9,000 for the pair to lead a network crew to Hoffa's body, which Medlin insisted lay encased in concrete in 12 ft. of water 2½ miles off Key West, Fla. The network stresses that it did not pay any money to Medlin, but O'Keefe says that the two agreed to a 50-50 split.

Shortly before O'Keefe and Medlin flew to join a CBS film crew in Key West, Medlin talked O'Keefe into giving him \$8,700 of the money for safekeeping. En route, he persuaded O'Keefe to stay



CBS TIPSTER CLARENCE MEDLIN
No concrete proof.

overnight in Tampa. They checked into a motel, and at 4 a.m. Medlin walked out with the cash. For days a diver hired by CBS searched off Key West—in vain. Admitted a philosophical Salant: "We've been had before."

Medlin soon tried the scheme on a New Orleans freelancer and two local newspapers; all turned him down. But a movie critic at one of the papers, the weekly *Figaro*, tipped off FBI agents, who late last week arrested Medlin in a New Orleans motel. Only \$3,100 was found in his room. Medlin was turned over to authorities at a federal prison halfway house in Raleigh, N.C., where he had been serving two consecutive five-year sentences for interstate transport of stolen vehicles before escaping two months ago. Said O'Keefe, awed at Medlin's ability to flummox network executives: "If he's a con artist, he doesn't need to be in crime. He should be in Hollywood. He would be making a million dollars a year."

MILESTONES

Engaged. Jackie Gleason, 59, corpulent comic (*The Honeymooners* and *You're in the Picture*) and composer-director; and Marilyn Taylor Horwich, 51-year-old, onetime dancer and sister of Choreographer June Taylor; after a 27-year checkered romance.

Died. Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, 73, distinguished Oxford historian of Germany from the Kaiser through Hitler; in London. While living in Germany between World Wars, Wheeler-Bennett watched the rise of German chauvinism and the fall of the Weimar Republic, which he catalogued in *Hindenburg, the Wooden Titan* (1936). The book so aroused Nazi ire that it was banned in Germany in 1937. Sir John also examined the era in other works such as *Nemesis of Power: The German Army in Politics, 1918-1945* and *Munich: Prologue to Tragedy*.

Died. Constance McLaughlin Green, 77, American social historian whose study *Washington, Village and Capital, 1800-1878*, detailed that city's growing pains, from sewage to schools, from politics to the struggles of the city's blacks, and won her the 1963 Pulitzer Prize for history; in Annapolis, Md.

Died. Thornton Wilder, 78, Olympian playwright and novelist whose timeless writings won him three Pulitzer Prizes; of a heart attack; in New Haven, Conn. (see THEATER)

Died. William Wellman, 79, tough, carousing Hollywood director-writer whose film *Wings* won the first Academy award presented for Best Picture in 1929; of leukemia; in Los Angeles. Bored with homework at his Brookline, Mass., high school, he devoted his afternoons to skating and stickhandling for the hockey team. But the ice was not fast enough and he turned to flying, training with the French Foreign Legion, then as a fighter ace with the Lafayette Escadrille in World War I. Wellman's wartime exploits so impressed Douglas Fairbanks Sr. that after the war the swashbuckling star extended Wellman an invitation to play a featured role in the film *Knickerbocker Kangaroo*. Wellman wasted no time deciding he "was frightful" as an actor and switched to directing. In 1920 he made his first film, *The Twins of Suffering Creek*. Seven years later, directing *Wings*, Wellman got so involved in the production that he "all but gave up my principal occupations of the time... wenching, boozing and brawling." Other Wellman classics included *The Public Enemy* (1931), *A Star Is Born* (1937), *Nothing Sacred* (1937), *Beau Geste* (1939), and perhaps his finest film, *The Ox-Bow Incident* (1943).

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Bathrooms for Living

The bathroom is the most important room in any house. It is the one place where people can be nude, solitary and mute for any protracted period. It is a refuge for all reasons, serving also as laundry room, solarium, greenhouse and primping parlor, a place for delousing pets, deep thinking and stashing wet umbrellas. Yet even in its more basic functions, the contemporary American bathroom is "hopelessly antiquated and inadequate," in the view of Alexander Kira, an architect and Cornell professor who has immersed himself in the subject for 17 years. Indeed, he points out, the Western loo has changed little since the late 19th century, when Thomas Crapper of London patented his flush toilet—and thereby insinuated himself into colloquial English.

In *The Bathroom* (Viking), a newly updated and expanded version of an urbane study he published in 1966, Kira argues that the standard bathroom is uncomfortable, unsanitary and unsafe. The average 5-ft. by 7-ft. model is badly lit

and ventilated; it seldom provides adequate storage and counter space for all the tubs, jars, bottles, blades, brushes and electrical appliances that have become the indispensable artifacts of ablution. Clearly, if cleanliness is next to godliness, it is also next to impossible in bathrooms that lack "facilities for perineal hygiene," meaning bidets. Moreover, some 275,000 people in the U.S. are injured each year while using ill-designed tubs and showers.

Wider Seat. Kira concludes from continuing research that the standard toilet is "the most ill-suited fixture ever designed," whether for comfort or efficient elimination. The whatchamacallit should be from 5 in. to 9 in. lower and shaped so that the occupant could take the natural squatting position of primitive man; it should also have a wider padded seat and incorporate two water jets for cleansing. Many washbasins, he finds, are built "so low as to be ideal only for small children." He proposes a contoured bowl, 36 in. high, deep at one end, wide and shallow at the other, with a fountain spout that can be used for mouth washing and shampooing.

The most frustrating fixture of all, in Kira's view, is the tub-shower. "The only substantive reason for taking a tub bath is to relax," he maintains, "and yet it is precisely this that the vast majority of tubs have not permitted the user to do." The tub should be longer (6 ft., v. the standard 5 ft.) and wider, have a contoured back to fit the curvature of the spine, a comfortable place to sit while foot washing and shampooing, and a hand spray for rinsing. Showers should be larger, have continuous wrap-around grab-bars and different-shaped handles located away from the water source so that the soap-blinded bather can adjust water temperatures by feel.

Why do we have such minimal, dismal bathrooms? Mainly, Kira contends, because we "have allowed our taboos

and guilts to interfere with the fullest development and realization of our physical and mental well-being." Builders, eager to skimp on space, seldom conceive of the bathroom as an integrated system like the modern kitchen.

It was not always so. Princes and potentates once treated the toilet seat as an extension of the throne; it was from the gilded *cabiner* that France's Louis XIV announced his engagement to Mme. de Maintenon. (Even Lyndon Johnson was not above conducting affairs of state while moving his bowels.) Indeed, there are few places so conducive to intellectual exercise as a well-appointed bathroom. Lord Chesterfield advised his son that he "knew a gentleman who was so good a manager of his time that he would not even lose that small portion of it which the call of nature obliged him to pass in the necessary-house; but gradually went through all the Latin poets in those moments." Thousands of monastery manuscripts found a dual purpose ending in the toilets of the rich.

Shower Machine. As Americans have become increasingly frank about sex, Kira believes, they are also becoming more candid about the once unmentionable functions of the bathroom. "Whereas the '50s and the '60s were the era of the kitchen and the family room," he predicts, "the '70s will be the era of the bathroom and body care." The Japanese, who have always had a highly civilized attitude toward hygiene, already have a design for the ultimate shower machine: the bather selects the desired water temperature and soap, pushes a button and is then soaked, washed with suds produced by ultrasonic waves, rinsed, massaged with rubber balls and finally dried with heat lamps. A big step toward civilized johnmanship is the "AD 2000 Comfort Control Center," a prototype built by Olsonite of Detroit. Mounted on a conventional toilet, it provides a tilting, vibrating back, reading light, ashtray, radio, TV, timer and bidet attachment. To bring the bathroom back into the family—and vice versa—a West German firm has designed a *Wohnbad*, or living bath, to be shared by all. It boasts chairs, rugs, paintings, sun lamps and hair dryers, TV, bookshelves, sauna, telephone, refrigerator, bar and coffee maker. It does not stock Latin poetry, but the toilet paper has English-language lessons printed on it.

Going Digital

Last year technology put pocket calculators under the Christmas tree. This year's great space-age spin-off is the digital watch. Hailed by one effusive manufacturer as "probably the greatest breakthrough in timekeeping technology since the sundial," the solid-state,



OLSONITE'S COMFORT CONTROL CENTER





PULSAR WATCH-CALCULATOR
More than making do.

quartz-crystal "time calculator" displays the time (and, on the more expensive models, the month and date) with glowing numbers, rather than hands moving around a clock face. Digitals are expected to account for at least 5% of all watches sold in the U.S. in 1975—some 2.5 million—at prices ranging from \$30 to more than \$3,000. Acknowledged to be as accurate as any watch now available—losing or gaining only a minute a year—the digital comes in two basic models: the L.E.D. (for light-emitting diode) and the L.C.D. (liquid crystal display). On the L.E.D.s, the digits light up at the press of a button or, on some models, at the flick of the wrist. The L.C.D. provides a continuous display, but to be seen clearly it must be angled according to the available light.

Feeling of Power. Since most models are bulky, the watches so far have sold mainly to men. One reason for their appeal is the first-on-the-block-to-own-one syndrome, though this attraction will fade fast; digitals are expected to sell for as little as \$20 in 1976. Another reason why some people like digitals, according to a watch-company executive, "is that it makes them feel powerful—at the push of a button, they can command the time." Says Manhattan-based Writer Jon Borgzinner: "I like it because when I pick it up at night I don't have to figure out from the dial if it's ten of six or two minutes before four; it simply tells me it's 4:14 or 9:53."

The next development in watches, a few Christmases hence, will be the nuclear timepiece, powered by a radioactive cell that will last 50 years. Until then, Pulsar, a pioneer digital manufacturer, has decided to more than make do with existing technology. It has put together what it calls the "personal information center"—a digital watch combined with a miniaturized calculator that enables the wearer to add, subtract, divide and multiply. It can calculate figures up to 999 billion, and has a memory bank. Pulsar will manufacture only a limited number of the solid-gold, 22-karat calculator watches at \$3,950 each. Next year the Pennsylvania-based company will market a stainless steel model priced at "under \$600."

115-m.p.h. Madness

Unlike conventional auto races, in which cars careen around a paved track, off-road competition masses as many as eleven different classes of vehicles in a bone-jolting race against time across the desert. Subsidized by major auto companies and parts manufacturers, California championship races that three years ago appealed to barely 3,000 people now attract crowds of 45,000, who stand along the dusty trails to watch. Last week *TIME* Correspondent David DeVoss rode two laps as co-driver in a newly inaugurated race, the Laughlin, Nev., 300. His report.

A padded helmet encases my head, and four thick safety belts intersect in a bulbous metal codpiece. As my two-ton Chevy Silverado truck edges toward the starting line, all I can feel is the plastic barf bag stuffed in the pocket of my flame-resistant jumpsuit. Behind the wheel sits Walker Evans, 36, a general contractor from Riverside, Calif., who has won 14 of his past 17 off-road races. As the green flag rises, the final spectator salute of uplifted cups of Coors reminds me of a well-wisher's warning: "Walker won't stop if you get sick."

The thwack of my helmet against the seat confirms Newton's third law of motion. The air is piercingly fresh, and the desert mountains glow golden in the morning sun. But soon the drive will become a spastic, three-hour Cinerama focused on 100 miles of lifeless mesquite moonscape—beginning in Laughlin and running across sand washes, over mountains, around canyons and back. "Howdy doody!" Evans yells, skipping the yellow truck over a 5-ft. ravine. "I can't stay away. Racing off-road is like narcotics to a dope addict."

And just as expensive. The mature males who drive open-cockpit racers, production vehicles and jerry-rigged "Baja bugs" at insane speeds over camel-backed "whoopedoes" spend a minimum of \$10,000 on their rigs. The cash prizes for most races are about \$2,000. In Laughlin, a rest-stop community of 100 residents and three casinos tucked away in Nevada's desolate southern tip, the car with the fastest time won \$1,500.

Food Ravines. The nearly 10,000 spectators are a largely blue-collar crowd from small Southwestern towns. Dressed in DIESEL POWER T-shirts and Peterbilt trailer-truck caps, they revel in the dust and noise. For some, off-road racing is an egalitarian country gathering. "My husband is a mechanic and I'm just a small-town housewife," says Loretta Pipkin from El Centro, Calif. "But out here everyone is equal."

With the spectators behind us, Walker skirts a dozen disabled vehicles before hitting a rugged series of parallel

flash-flood ravines. Beyond the windshield, the horizon pitches erratically. Suddenly a blue two-seater racer materializes inside the amber cloud of dust enveloping us. Like a mechanical mantis, it springs from gully to boulder until Evans grows impatient and swerves to bump it aside. Evans laughs: "From here on out I'm running my own race."

The truck picks up speed to 115 m.p.h. along a telephone service road. The pitted road seems almost smooth at this speed. Evans knows the route well. After six "pre-runs," he is ready for the angle of every curve. With

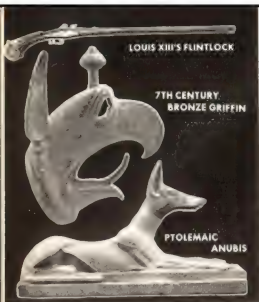
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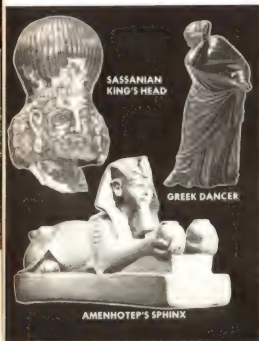
OFF-ROAD RACER IN NEVADA
"Like a razor."

\$60,000 invested in a single-seat Blazer and the two-seater truck, Evans and his partner, Parnelli Jones, onetime Indianapolis 500 winner, cannot afford mistakes. "A race is like a razor in a barbershop," shouts Evans above the wind. "It'll cut your throat in a minute, but you always keep honing it."

As I near the end of the second 50-mile lap, the Laughlin 300 has become a numbing routine. The dull ache at the base of my neck spreads downward into the cavities separating each vertebra. As Evans slows for a 20-second refueling stop, I get out. The race will last five more hours. Only 31 of the 111 cars that started will finish, not including Evans' Chevy—a transmission seal blew. I'm certainly not a winner. Nevertheless I walk from Walker's smoking truck with a trophy: an empty barf bag.



DIRECTOR HOVING WITH TEMPLE



Show and Tell

Over the past five years, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the half-dozen greatest cultural institutions in the U.S., has had its share of troubles. Some came from outside: money was short and the cost of everything from ink pads to Guercinos had shot up, threatening the museum's power to collect or even administer itself on its old scale. Other problems were internal. There was friction between the scholarly and populist interests within the Met. A troublesome gap existed between the trustees and the curatorial staff. To those outside its doors, the board room looked like (and was) an in-frangible *Herrenklub* in whose deliberations no voices but those of managerial capitalism could be heard.

And then there was the man who, in the public eye, "was" the Met: its director since 1967, Thomas Pearsall Field Hoving—a paragon of arrogance and talent who appeared to his numerous supporters as the man who saved the Met by doubling its audience (to 3.3 million in 1974-75), and to his critics as a go-go entrepreneur. Among living museum directors, Hoving had an unsurpassed flair for theatrical gesture, coupled with a Nixonian capacity for "toughing it out" in moments of crisis.

Cold Dish. Both abilities were tested to the limit three years ago in the "de-accessioning" scandals, when Hoving and the museum were plunged into controversy over works of art the Met had sold to buy others. It was feared that this practice, unbridled, would weaken the museum's encyclopedic collection. In the background was unease about the secrecy of the Met's actions and the smokescreens spewed forth to hide them. So the New York *Times*, like Mozart's marmoreal Commendatore, came for Tom Giovanni, and down the trap door he nearly went, carrying some of the museum's prestige with him. But Hoving did not go down. The Met, rebuked by New York's attorney general, came out with a clear and cautionary set of guidelines for de-accessioning in 1973, and the issue died.

Revenge, the Spanish proverb goes, is a dish best eaten cold. So with Hoving's reply to his critics, which opened this month at the Metropolitan. Entitled "Patterns of Collection: Selected Acquisitions 1965-75," it sets before us a selection of 350 works of art from the 20,000 or so objects the Met has acquired in the past decade. The task of organizing it has been brilliantly performed by Olga Raggio. The aim is to show in detail how the process of acquisition works, what kinds of object it affects, and to what overriding policy it relates. In short, the Met is being relatively frank—even to the point of naming the

dealers from whom it bought the pieces.

Anyone who supposes the collecting enterprise comes down to phoning Willenstein and ordering a Monet or two will be in for some interesting revelations. Perhaps no museum show anywhere has ever been so explicit about the means and problems of running a collection: the rarity of material, the formal minuets danced between the enamored curator and the skeptical trustee, the checks and balances. As a view—admittedly a partial one—of the dynamics of a museum, this show makes its points tellingly.

Seen as a group of objects, "Patterns of Collection" is nothing less than superb. Some of the works in it have already been harried to the edge of cliché by publicity—the Euphronios krater, the Velásquez *Juan de Pareja*. But the Met is above all an encyclopedia. Its 18 departments cover virtually every kind of art ever created. So there is a great deal in the show that will be unfamiliar to even the most assiduous Metropolitan goer, and the general level is high. One would have to travel a long way east of New York to find objects comparable in their fields, to the Met's tiny sphinx of Amenhotep III, modeled in a faience of such dazzling blue that even in a glass case it seems to vibrate in front of one's eyes; or the massive silver head, possibly of the Sassanian King Shapur II, or the exquisitely elaborated 17th century flintlock gun made by Pierre le Bourgeois for Louis XIII; or even such small items as a 3rd century B.C. bronze of a Greek dancer, whirling on her axis like a Hellenistic Martha Graham.

Deep Encyclopedia. As a parade of institutional vigor, then, the show does its job. Whatever reservations one may have about other aspects of Thomas Hoving's stewardship, nobody can doubt that during his office the Met's curatorial departments have performed magnificently.

One is reminded that the Met is unique in America, not only in width of charter but also in breadth of collections—5,000 years of cultural history embedded in some 3 million objects. A few years ago, such figures seemed intimidating to many New Yorkers. The very idea of an encyclopedic museum went against the radical grain; and there was much talk of decentralization. Fortunately this did not happen. Just as you do not get rid of the need for the British Museum reading room by multiplying local libraries, so the necessity for the Metropolitan remains: a place where a very large deposit of cultural evidence can be inspected and compared in depth at the best possible level of aesthetic quality. The role of such a collection is to defend us against one of the great American vices—provincialism in time. And so—*floreat!*

Robert Hughes



RUSSIAN ORTHODOX DELEGATION ARRIVING AT WORLD COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

On the Fringe

Facing a thatched wall in a mod African conference hall, a gathering of key Protestant and Eastern Orthodox leaders from six continents and four races last week sang and clapped to the accompaniment of a jazz combo, recited the Lord's Prayer simultaneously in a Pentecost of languages, then paraded out into the Nairobi night for an informal session of Christmas caroling.

Despite those exuberant closing moments, however, the fifth septennial assembly of the World Council of Churches was a hesitant gathering at an uneasy time. Just before it opened, Founding Father W.A. Visser 't Hooft remarked "If the meeting does not produce a new sense of purpose and dynamism, the council will be in trouble. It is time the churches stop looking at the council as a sort of fringe phenomenon." Last week, as the assembly ended, TIME's Religion Editor Richard Ostling cabled from Nairobi that the World Council is in as much danger as ever of being on the fringe. Ostling's report

The council's potential clout comes from its base of more than 500 million non-Roman Catholic Christians round the world, but the ecumenical elite that runs it has only the loosest links with that increasingly restive constituency. Moreover, the council has been accused of "selective indignation," flogging capitalists in general and the U.S. in particular while ignoring evils elsewhere.

The problem has intensified ever since 1961, when the Russian Orthodox Church joined the council. There was a tacit agreement to spare the delegates from Moscow any embarrassment, and Soviet sins have gone unnoticed. One Nairobi delegate, Scottish Episcopal Priest Richard Holloway, has called the attitude a "conspiracy of silence."

Smuggled Plea. The 18-day Nairobi assembly, the first held in Africa, presented an ideal opportunity to end that conspiracy. As the 2,300 churchmen poured into Nairobi, arms from the Soviet Union and the troops of its allies were pouring into Angola. But when the assembly came to making a statement against meddling in Angola, it pointed

a finger of blame only at South Africa.

Similarly, the council criticized attacks on human rights in Asian and Latin American nations but failed to attack repression of liberties in either the Soviet Union or several nations of Black Africa. In fact, the delegates were forced to face the question of Soviet repression principally by a gutsy Nairobi-based Christian newspaper, *Target*, which printed a smuggled plea to the World Council from Moscow Priest Gleb Yakunin and Layman Lev Regelson. The pair complained that the council had made no protest when "the Russian Orthodox Church was half destroyed" in the early 1960s, and pleaded for a crusade against persecution of Christians in the Soviet Union.

For two weeks, assembly leaders kept a move to criticize the Soviet Union from getting to the floor. But then in the final days an innocuous resolution praising the Helsinki Agreement of last August rekindled the issue. Jacques Rosel of the Swiss Protestant Church Federation proposed an amendment expressing concern over religious repression, "especially in the U.S.S.R.," and asking that country to honor its Helsinki pledges of freedom of conscience.

Tactical Tea. Suddenly the assembly came alive. Black robes swirled in the Russian delegation as the assembly came to the brink of passing the amendment. But a parliamentary snarl and a tactical tea break gave the opposition a chance to shunt the issue to a committee. An eventual compromise blandly urged further investigation of repression of human rights—without criticizing the U.S.S.R. by name. Even so, it was the first time the council had dared discuss Soviet religious persecution.

The only other flurry of excitement at Nairobi came with a report on "Confessing Christ." For the average churchgoer, there is nothing remarkable in the document, but to council watchers it marked a significant return to religious traditionalism. The fervent call for evangelism betrayed an understandable nervousness about the challenge from last year's conservative congress of Evangelical Protestants in Lausanne, Switzerland (TIME, Aug. 5, 1974). It also



PROCESSION INTO ASSEMBLY HALL

Not by bread alone.

represented a response to Orthodox members who have long been calling for a greater emphasis on spiritual matters.

For the most part, the record numbers of Third World delegates at Nairobi—about 40% of the total—left the speeches and behind-the-scenes power plays to the Western liberals who have generally controlled the organization. Contrary to a story carried by United Press International, there were no important black-white clashes. The much debated Program to Combat Racism came through unaltered: the assembly reaffirmed the council's practice of supplying money to nonmilitary programs of guerrilla movements, overwhelmingly defeating a motion to withhold grants from any groups likely to cause "serious injury or the taking of life."

That vote was all the more daring because three-fourths of the Council's income comes from the U.S. and the tax-exempt federated church of West Germany. To date, however, Western resistance to guerrilla aid has not hurt the council as much as fluctuating exchange rates and inflation have. General Secretary Philip Potter is facing at least two years of financial crisis, staff firings and program retrenchments.

But the World Council cannot live by bread alone, and the seven years until the next assembly will be crucial for other reasons. In approving the docu-

RELIGION

ment on "Confessing Christ," the 1975 assembly expressed its view that spirituality and evangelism should again become as important as political issues. But the assembly was vague in its directives to the council's leaders, who are thus left to figure out just what sort of theology and programs to promote. Those same leaders must also develop an active and evenhanded program against repression of religion if the World Council is to be taken seriously.

Blessed to Receive?

High-powered postal pitches for contributions are no new thing to American religion, but the Pallottine Fathers can claim a unique precedent. The 19th century Italian founder of their 2,140-member order, St. Vincent Pallotti, wrote countless letters to solicit contributions from benefactors throughout Europe for his work among the poor. Still, some U.S. Pallottines seem to have exceeded by far their founder's epistolary zeal. Since November 1972, records at the Baltimore Post Office show, the order's fund-raising operation in that city has spent nearly \$5 million on postage alone to mail to would-be contributors around the country a variety of elaborate baits, including a "Free Pallottine Sweepstakes," featuring prizes such as automobiles and pool tables.

\$54,000 loan. Now the eastern U.S. province of the Pallottines that is responsible for the fund-raising operation is under intense scrutiny for financial wheeling and dealing that seems to be less than compatible with the order's apostolic mission. The trouble began last month when it became known that a \$54,000 loan from the Pallottines to their real estate adviser, C. Dennis Webster, may have helped pay for Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel's 1974 divorce settlement. Webster had lent exactly that amount to Mandel shortly before receiving the Pallottine loan.

The Webster connection does not end there. In 1974, the Pallottines invested \$280,000 in Amalgamated Modular Structures, Inc., a portable classroom manufacturer headed by C. Dennis Webster that is involved in a Maryland school-construction scandal.

As a religious order, the Pallottines are exempt from laws requiring financial disclosures, and thus outsiders can only guess what their mailings have brought in. The Baltimore *Sun* cited estimates that the pitches may have yielded between \$8 and \$15 million last year alone; the order sent little more than \$400,000 to the Pallottine missions in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Pallottine headquarters in Rome dismisses the estimates as gross exaggerations, and in the U.S. the superior of the embattled province announced last week that there will be an outside audit of the operation. Even so, the ambitious fund-raisers seem to have produced more ugly smoke than spiritual fire.

SCIENCE

Fear of Flying

As they prepared for the Christmas holiday last week, some Americans suffered second thoughts about traveling by air. Much of their fear of flying was caused by the recent and widely publicized spate of near collisions involving commercial airliners. On Thanksgiving Eve, 24 people were injured when an American Airlines jet dived just in time to avert a collision with a Trans World Airlines plane over Michigan. A fortnight ago, another pair of planes, one a TWA, the other a United Air Lines jet, passed within 300 ft. of each other as both were heading for Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. There were other close calls in the Chicago area that

resented individual aircraft. Now the controllers' vision has been increased enormously by improved radar and new electronic gadgetry. Every aircraft that flies above 18,000 ft. and in designated control areas carries a radar transponder that answers ground radar by flashing an identifying signal. The ground radar is assisted by banks of computers that display on the radar screen right next to each blip a printed data block containing the aircraft's identification, flight number, altitude and speed. With that information a controller can determine when one plane is getting too close to another. Control is now being further improved by a new system called conflict alert (C.A.).

The computers that keep track of



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF NERVOUS PASSENGERS FLYING A CROWDED U.S. AIRLINE

day. Shortly before the two big jets avoided disaster, a twin-engine Cessna en route to a small field north of O'Hare crossed in front of a North Central Airways turboprop. Later, a privately owned Jet Commander descended through the path of another TWA aircraft.

Considering the amount of traffic in some of the nation's air space, it should be no surprise that such near accidents occur. What is surprising, given the chances for mechanical and human failure both on the ground and in the cockpit, is that there are so few collisions. Of 81 fatal accidents suffered by airlines during the past decade, only seven involved collisions.

That remarkably good record can be attributed largely to improvement in air-traffic control. Until the mid-1960s, air-traffic controllers had to rely on old-fashioned radar to scan the skies and keep track of moving "blips" that rep-

resented individual aircraft. Now the controllers' vision has been increased enormously by improved radar and new electronic gadgetry. Every aircraft that flies above 18,000 ft. and in designated control areas carries a radar transponder that answers ground radar by flashing an identifying signal. The ground radar is assisted by banks of computers that display on the radar screen right next to each blip a printed data block containing the aircraft's identification, flight number, altitude and speed. With that information a controller can determine when one plane is getting too close to another. Control is now being further improved by a new system called conflict alert (C.A.).

The Physicist's Fire

Few things in life are more attractive than an open hearth fire—or less efficient. It is messy, requires continual attention, and sends perhaps as much as 90% of its heat up the chimney with the smoke. Most homeowners learn to live with such flaws. Lawrence Cranberg, an Austin, Tex., physicist went back to basic physics to correct them.



What makes Canadian Club and V.O. good gifts, makes O.F.C. better.

Every drop of our O.F.C. Prime Canadian Whisky is aged a full eight years (the prime aging period for a Canadian).

Canadian Club and V.O. are aged only six years. Check their labels. But two years isn't just a difference you can read on a label.

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Bottled in Canada, O.F.C.

O.F.C.
It's two years better.



AGED 8 YEARS

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you can give Cutty 12
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(With a little bit of luck
somebody will give it to you.)"**

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Cutty 12 gives you a marvelous opportunity to let people know what a decent fellow you are. The absolutely delicious taste of this unusually smooth, mellow 12-year-old is a very nice testimonial to your good taste.

It's more than a merely elegant Scotch. Cutty 12 is distinguished from all other Scotches by a character of exceptional finesse and gentility.

Cutty 12 says a lot about what you think of a friend.

It makes the giving feel good.

**A gentleman's Scotch
should be gentle.**

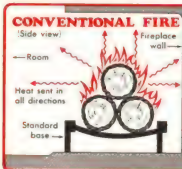


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He has designed a fireplace grate that forces a fire not only to burn better but to send more of its heat out into the room.

Cranberg turned his attention toward hearth fires last winter; in an attempt to conserve oil, he supplemented his home heating with his two fireplaces. Frustrated by the inefficiency of a standard three-log fire, he studied what really happened when he poked at the logs to make the fire burn better. His conclusion: "I was opening up a furnace, prying the logs apart a bit or rotating them to expose the hot, charred surface in order to get more heat into the room." He was creating, in effect, something similar to what physicists call a "black body," a furnace-like cavity with walls that absorb and then emit practically all the heat and other radiation that reaches them; only a fraction of the radiation escapes through a small hole in one of the walls.

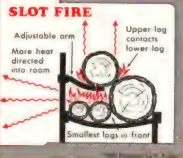
Easy to Light. Applying this concept, Cranberg built the "Texas Fireframe," a spindly metal contraption that looks like a standard fireplace grate with two taller uprights at the front corners fitted with adjustable metal arms that



The Gene Makers

Scientists may never be able to emulate Faust's student, Wagner, and create a homunculus, or artificial man. But they seem to be moving steadily closer to the day when they will be able to reproduce the DNA molecule essential to life. Harvard University Biochemists Argiris Efstratiadis, Fotis Kafatos, Thomas Maniatis and Allen Maxam report that they have copied a mammalian gene, a unit of the DNA molecule that transmits a specific inherited trait. Their creation: the gene that orders the production of hemoglobin—a blood component—in rabbits.

Five years before the triumph of the Harvard group, Organic Chemist Har Gobind Khorana, a Nobel laureate now working at M.I.T., had synthesized a yeast gene, the simplest gene yet made. Already aware of the sequence of the 77 "code letters," or nucleotides, in the DNA of the gene, Khorana painstakingly "assembled" the letters one at a time in the proper order to produce a synthetic unit. The rabbit gene is at least eight times as large, containing about 650 nucleotides strung together in a sequence



extend into the fireplace. To use it, he places a large log toward the rear of the grate, two smaller ones toward the front, and a fourth log, slightly smaller than the first, on the adjustable arms (see diagram). He then lowers the arms until the top log just touches the surface of the large one at the rear. This creates a cavity that opens into the room—a sort of wooden furnace that contains the fire and prevents much of its heat from immediately escaping up the chimney.

One product of this arrangement is a hot, even, slow-burning fire; about 30% of the heat generated inside the slot eventually streams out into the room. There is another bonus: it is easy to light. A conventional fire requires a pile of kindling, a few balls of crumpled newspaper and, frequently, several matches before it will catch. Often it burns for half an hour or more before it starts dropping coals and throwing off substantial heat. Because his arrangement traps heat so well, Cranberg can light even damp wood with only a few sheets of newspaper, placed directly in the cavity, and have a hot fire in 15 minutes.

that scientists have not yet completely determined. Clearly the Harvard group could not follow Khorana's route.

Instead, they turned to the research of Nobel Prizewinners Howard Temin and David Baltimore (TIME, July 20, 1970), who had discovered an enzyme, or chemical catalyst, capable of reversing the normal genetic process in which DNA orders the production of "messenger" molecule RNA. Their enzyme permits RNA to manufacture the master molecule DNA. The Harvard team broke down rabbit hemoglobin and isolated its RNA. They then mixed this RNA with the Temin-Baltimore enzyme in a rich nutrient broth. They were thus able to trick the RNA into making the DNA from which it itself had been produced.

Kafatos believes that the artificial gene could be used to make rabbit hemoglobin. But his team is more interested in learning why the sequence of nucleotides in this gene works to order the production of hemoglobin in blood cells but not in other cells. That knowledge would bring scientists still closer to learning the secret of life.

EDUCATION

Hope for Privates

Private colleges have been pleading poverty in recent years—most eloquently in fund-raising letters mailed out to alumni. Some of the larger, research-oriented universities like Harvard, Columbia, Stanford and Chicago have reason to complain; lately their federal research grants, which represent much of their funding, have been drastically cut. But the case for most of the smaller colleges may well have been overdramatized. Last week the Association of American Colleges, which represents 886 of the smaller private institutions, reported that most of these schools are financially solvent and academically strong—perhaps even stronger than ever.

Staying Power. The report, prepared by Howard R. Bowen, former president of California's Claremont Graduate School, and W. John Minter, an educational consultant, was based on a survey of 100 private colleges from 1969 into early 1975. Despite the depressed economy, the report noted that no major private colleges or universities have failed. Although about one-fourth of those surveyed are on shaky financial ground, the total assets of the 100 schools grew by 26%, while their liabilities were rising by 18%. Income from private gifts went up 34%; government grants showed a 65% increase.

Academically, too, the schools have been making progress. In the past five years, the number of new or expanded on-campus programs—women's studies, career counseling and intercollegiate athletics, for example—far exceeds the number reduced in scope or dropped entirely. Finally, contrary to the widely held belief that enrollment at private colleges has been steadily declining, the total enrollment in the schools surveyed has actually risen 8% since 1969.*

These statistics offer little solace to those schools that are financially strapped; they still need generous support from alumni, business and government. But in general, the report concludes, private colleges have "enormous staying power. They are still a viable and sturdy part of the American system of higher education."

Takeover in Boston

From the time Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. ordered the Boston schools to desegregate 18 months ago, many of the city's whites—especially in South Boston—have been fighting a tenacious rear-guard action against the

*The Department of Health, Education and Welfare reported last week that total college enrollment this fall reached 11,128,000, a jump of 8.8% over last year and the largest increase since 1965.



STUDENT BEING REMOVED FROM SOUTHIE
Curses and breaking glass.

ruling. Last week, after hearing black students at South Boston High School testify that they had been beaten by white students and ignored by white teachers, Garrity's patience was at an end. He stripped the all-white School Committee of its control over "Southie," the city's racial trouble spot, and placed the school in federal receivership. He

EDUCATION

also ordered Southie Headmaster William Reid, its other administrators and Football Coach Arthur Perdigao transferred to some other school.

Garrity's extraordinary ruling aroused fury in South Boston. That night the N.A.A.C.P.'s storefront headquarters in downtown Boston was fire-bombed. Next morning whites lined the pavements near South Boston High School, shaking fists and shrieking curses as six buses, with police motorcycle escorts, arrived carrying blacks from Dorchester and Roxbury. Once the students entered the building, passing through metal detectors that searched for concealed weapons, the school erupted with racial fighting. Reporters outside heard the sounds of breaking glass. "It's wild in there," one breathless teacher told them. "They're going crazy." Police finally herded blacks and whites into separate "holding rooms" off the lobby to keep them apart.

Last week's turmoil came after a month of hearings on a motion by the N.A.A.C.P. seeking to close Southie entirely. The motion maintained that conditions in the school were so bad that it was impossible for students to learn. Testimony by black students underlined that charge. One black girl said that a policeman assigned to Southie held down a black student while a white student kicked him; another black testified that a white student came to school on crutches, claiming that they were his new "nigger beaters." A third charged that a white student picked up a chair and bashed a black over the head with it. Others said that Football Coach Perdigao told white players to "get" blacks

trying out for the team; Perdigao denied it. Headmaster Reid, however, admitted that most of the charges were "basically honest."

In the midst of the hearings, Garrity had gone to the school himself—his first trip inside the building. He found that only 271 of the 771 whites assigned to Southie, and just 106 of the 446 blacks, were actually attending classes. He later went back to the school "because I could not really believe what I saw on the first visit."

Lost Freedom. In making his ruling last Tuesday, Garrity placed the federal court in charge of Southie. He assigned Joseph McDonough (whose brother John is chairman of the School Committee) to take over operations of the school. McDonough seemed to be an appropriate choice; a longtime Boston school administrator, he earned praise from both blacks and whites last year for his work in supervising the desegregation of Patrick F. Gavin Middle School. His selection did nothing to mollify antibusing forces. One of their leaders, City Council Member Louise Day Hicks, charged that the takeover "smacks of a totalitarian type of government." She joined others in declaring Friday "a day of mourning" for Southie's lost freedom and called for a complete white boycott of the school. White antibusing motorists observed the day by blocking rush hour traffic.

At week's end South Boston was tense, its angry mood summarized by newly printed signs posted on billboards, telephone poles and doorways: "Remember Black Tuesday."

A Judge with Guts

It may take a long time, but once Federal Court Judge W. (for Wendell) Arthur Garrity Jr. reaches a conclusion, he sticks to it. He deliberated for more than two years before deciding that conditions at Boston's dilapidated Charles Street jail violated inmates' rights—and then only after he spent a night in a cell. He took 15 months to consider evidence in a suit brought against the School Committee before ruling. In June 1974, that black children in Boston have been systematically deprived of their constitutional right to an equal education. Ever since, in a series of increasingly tough orders that culminated last week with his placing South Boston High in federal receivership, he has determinedly moved toward restoring that right. Says a former law partner: "He knows what he thinks the law says and will go down the line for it."

Garrity, 55, the son of a prominent Worcester, Mass., lawyer, attended Holy Cross College and went on to Harvard Law School—with time out for Signal Corps duty in World War II (he watched the Normandy invasion from a command ship). In private practice in Boston, he represented a wide range of defendants from corporations to Mafia dons.

Garrity is a New Deal Democrat and

has been closely associated with the Kennedy family. He worked in the Milwaukee headquarters of John F. Kennedy in the 1960 Wisconsin primary; a year later Kennedy appointed him U.S. Attorney. One of his assistants in that post was Kennedy's cousin, Joseph F. Gargan. In 1966, Ted Kennedy sponsored Garrity's nomination for the federal bench.

The busing decision was Garrity's first major case in education or civil rights, and he was unprepared for the resistance and violence it generated among many of Boston's working-class whites. When antibusing demonstrators stoned busloads of black children and rampaged in the streets in the fall of 1974 after the first phase of Garrity's desegregation plan was instituted, he was outraged: "Scores of young children, frightened out of their wits, afraid to go to school. What a situation. It's intolerable."

Irish Catholic Garrity has been vilified for his strong stand by antibusing demonstrators, who occasionally travel to Wellesley, twelve miles west of Boston, to demonstrate outside his house. Some moderates also feel he has gone too far. "You won't find a nicer man," says one Boston lawyer. "But his sweeping decisions tend to be insensitive." Others regard his iron will with something approaching awe. In one unsolicited endorsement last summer, Red Sox Pitcher Bill Lee described Garrity as "the only man in this town with any guts."

FEDERAL JUDGE W. ARTHUR GARRITY



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Improved. Improved. Improved. Improved.**

The 1976 Ford Maverick...backed by six years of honing, refining, improving.

**68% of Maverick's
scheduled maintenance
requirements
reduced or eliminated.**

Over the last 3 years 68% of the scheduled maintenance requirements for 6-cylinder Mavericks have been reduced or eliminated. This is based on a comparison of 1973 and 1976 car models. This is just one example of how Ford has been continually improving Maverick.

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'76 Ford Maverick. Still the simple machine.

The first Maverick was introduced as a tough, reliable compact. Simple to operate. Simple to service. And 6 years later, Mavericks still the same—only better than before! After all, when you build a car over 1,667,000 times you know how to build it right! The "old reliable" new '76 Ford Maverick—still The Simple Machine. Backed by millions of owner-driven miles. Available in 2-door or 4-door family Sedan.



Incorporates new energy seats, a personal Airplane-plaid seat cloth (optional).

And, for '76 we've also improved Maverick's gas mileage. With its base 200 CID engine (not available in California) and standard manual transmission, Maverick has EPA estimates of 30 mpg highway, 22 city.

That's better than any 6-cylinder import! Of course, your actual mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition.

And as standard features for '76 we've also added manual front disc brakes and floor-operated parking brakes, plus a handsome new grille.

Still the same, only better than before—the dependable '76 Ford Maverick.

Backed by 6 years of honing, refining, and improving.

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The base model was upgraded with 14" wheels and tires. Side door guard rails added. Air circulation improved for better ventilation. 5 MPH energy-absorbing bumper systems. Improved safety design roof structure. Thicker paint for greater durability. Spark plug wires and heating shield upgraded. Radial-ply tires and solid state ignition became standard features.

These are just a few of the yearly improvements that make Maverick such an honest value—the dependable family compact you can count on.

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**Polaroid's \$25
Super Shooter
for the new
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The Year Ahead: A Portrait in Pastels

If economists' predictions for the coming year could be symbolically represented by a painting, it would be a portrait in muted pastels—no dazzling rosy hues, no daubs of black. The recovery from the worst slump since the Great Depression will continue at a steady but unspectacular pace. Unemployment and inflation will both come down, slowly and moderately. It will be a year of transition—but will the transition be to a new period of balanced growth or a time of stagnation?

Economists are deeply divided on that question. But there is strikingly little disagreement on what can be expected for the coming year. The pastel predictions come from Government officials and businessmen, university, bank and corporate economists. They agree

with all eight members of TIME's Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan last week for a day-long examination of the outlook for 1976 (Alan Greenspan, who is on leave from the board while he serves as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, attended the meeting as an observer).

With the forecasts of all members averaged out, here are the board's key predictions:

► Production of goods and services, discounted for inflation, will rise about 6.2% for the year. That will make 1976 a year of growth after the longest downturn since 1947-48; real gross national product dropped 2% in 1974 and probably will be down a shade under 3% in 1975. But the growth rate will slow at

least a bit by the end of 1976, unless Government policy changes unexpectedly.

► Unemployment will decline to an average rate of 7.7% of the labor force, and perhaps to 7.4% by the end of 1976. That would mark a very slow decline from the last reported rate of 8.3% (for November). Main reason: an expansion in G.N.P. of roughly 6% just is not enough to bring about a faster reduction; economists generally figure that a 4% growth rate is needed merely to prevent an increase in joblessness as new people enter the labor force.

► Inflation will slow to an average rate of 6.6%, as measured by the consumer price index, and a hair less than that by year's end. That would contrast with a 7.6% increase in retail prices in the twelve months ended last October and a horrifying 11% in 1974. On this one point, however, there are some serious disagreements in the predictions. Beryl Sprinkel, executive vice president and economist of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, sees the end-of-1976 inflation rate at a low 5%; Robert Nathan, head of his own consulting firm, forecasts a startlingly high 9.5%.

► Corporate profits, which already are staging a vigorous comeback from their recession lows, will go on climbing and could wind up next year 20% to 30% higher than in 1975.

No forecast is ever certain, of course, and the near unanimity of the board's predictions mildly worries some members. It indicates that they are all operating on the same assumptions about how the economy works—which could be wrong in some important respects.

Arthur Okun, senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution, stresses that consumers' buying behavior is highly unpredictable. David Grove, senior vice president of IBM, discerns a new emphasis on avoiding risk among businessmen who have been burned by recession and inflation. That could lead to less investment in new plants and equipment than most economists now foresee. A sharp slowdown in spending by state and local governments, whose outlays were once characterized by Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at Brookings, as "the big growth sector of the economy," introduces a new element of uncertainty into the picture.

Much more important, the forecasts are based on two crucial political assumptions that could quickly be disproved. They are that some of the tax cuts of 1975 will be extended, so that paycheck withholding rates would not go up Jan. 1, and that a bill forcing a



"It's not exactly nosebleeding altitude."



"Go ye and spend no more."

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

12% rollback in domestic crude-oil prices becomes law. President Ford has consistently vowed to veto any tax bill that is not linked to a ceiling on federal spending for fiscal 1977, which Congress is in no mood to enact. Democrats now think they can muster the votes to override a veto if Ford gives them a chance by acting on the bill before they adjourn for Christmas. Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb has urged Ford to sign the oil-price bill, but some other advisers are recommending a veto.

Kamikaze instincts. Successful vetoes of the tax and oil bills could well mean less growth and more inflation than the forecasts now specify. Failure to extend the tax cut would increase individual income taxes by \$13 billion in 1976. The result, says Pechman, would "certainly be a shock that would dampen recovery." Sprinkel argues for a veto of the oil bill, because, he says, the rollback would discourage domestic oil production, increase high-priced imports and "give the OPEC nations that much more leverage on us." But a veto that was upheld would end all controls on domestic oil prices, leaving them free to shoot up. Even if the President removes the \$2-per-bbl. on imported oil, Okun contends, instant decontrol would "cost something like \$8 billion in additional inflation and boost consumer prices by three-quarters of a percentage point."

Board members agree on another assumption: whatever happens to the tax and oil bills, President Ford will fight hard and generally successfully against further major stimulation of business next year. Though it is part of American mythology that the Administration in power does everything it can to pump up the economy in an election year—and though Richard Nixon did exactly that in 1972—board members expect Ford to resist the temptation and remain true to his conservative, anti-inflationary instincts (Board Member Walter Heller, a professor at the University of Minnesota, calls them "kamikaze instincts").

Is that an appropriate policy? Republicans Sprinkel and Murray I. Weidenbaum, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, say yes; they think that the recovery now in prospect is the fastest that the U.S. can afford without kicking up inflation. Democrats Heller, Okun and Pechman insist that there is so much slack in the economy that a more expansionary policy would speed recovery and bring the jobless rate down faster while producing little or no added inflation. Yet Pechman concludes resignedly that in the present political climate, an extension of the 1975 tax cut and a money supply growth within Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns' target range of 5% to 7.5% "is the best you can get. Thus the soundest

prescription now is 'Steady as she goes'." There is enough time to increase tax cuts or the growth in money supply later next year if developments warrant.

The recovery that is likely to be produced by "steady as she goes" policies bears no resemblance to anything that could be called a boom. If the forecasts are correct, unemployment a year from now will still be as high as it was at the bottom of some earlier recessions, and the inflation rate will be at a level that would have been regarded as intolerably high in most previous years. Indeed, at almost any time before 1974, predictions of 7.7% unemployment and 6.6% inflation would have seemed a forecast of disaster. That they are now prophecies of significant improvement is a true measure of the savagery of the economic storms that have shaken the U.S. in the past two years, culminating in the slump that made 1975 a year for the history books—the year of the most widespread joblessness since the 1930s.

As the year opened, the recession that began in December 1973 had deepened into a nosedive that for a time fulfilled the worst predictions of the glumest pessimists. In the first three months of 1975, the nation's output of goods and services plunged at an annual rate of 11.4%, the steepest drop in 30 years. Unemployment, which began soaring at the end of 1974, continued bounding up to a peak of 9.2% last May—the highest since before Pearl Harbor. Fear spread that the nation might have started on a downward spiral into depression.

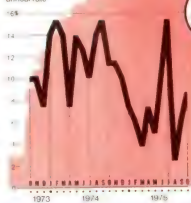
Swollen inventories. Instead, the worst was over by late spring. The economy's vaunted "built-in stabilizers" began to work. For example, as incomes fell, Government tax collections were automatically reduced while outlays for unemployment compensation and welfare soared, thus causing the Government quite unintentionally to pump more money into the economy. Also, Administration policy turned around completely in January. President Ford late in 1974 called for a 5% surcharge on upper-level incomes; by his 1975 State of the Union speech he was instead advocating big tax reductions. The eventual result was enactment in March of \$22 billion in income tax cuts for individuals and businesses, including rebates on 1974 taxes in the form of checks of up to \$200 mailed to each taxpayer.

The recession hit bottom in the spring. By May, retail sales began to move up smartly; by June, unemployment began to drop slowly. For the second quarter, real G.N.P. squeezed out a gain at an annual rate of 1.9%. That ballooned to 13.2% in the third quarter, as businessmen at last cleaned out swollen inventories and began filling orders from

*Ironically a favorite maxim of George Shultz, once President Nixon's economic czar

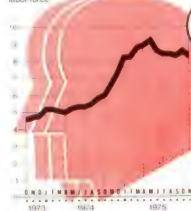
CONSUMER PRICES

Monthly increase at compound annual rate



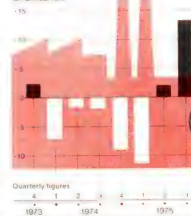
UNEMPLOYMENT RATE

% of civilian labor force



G.N.P.

% change at an annual rate



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

new production. The sell-off gave the economy a one-shot lift; the rate of production growth is widely expected to drop back to about 5% in the current quarter—an anticipated development and no cause for alarm.

In the last few weeks, moreover, some fears that dogged the early stages of the recovery have dissipated. From June through September, the Federal Reserve, worried about inflation, clamped down harder than even it intended and the nation's money supply grew at a miserly annual rate of 2%. That caused interest rates, which had dropped sharply from their towering peaks of 1974, to rise again, and stirred worry that high interest costs and a shortage of money would choke off the fledgling recovery. But lately the Federal Reserve has eased its stand, and seems likely to get back to Chairman Arthur Burns' target of 5% to 7% growth. Many economists believe that a more rapid increase would be desirable—Andrew Brimmer, a Harvard professor and former member of the Federal Reserve Board, would like to see an 8% to 9% expansion—but an increase within Burns' specified range should be enough to fuel at least a modest expansion in production and jobs.

Savage Cuts. Throughout the summer and deep into the fall, the prospect of a default by New York City on its mountainous debt threatened to abort the recovery by wiping out most of the value of billions of dollars of city securities held by banks and individuals across the country, and by making it difficult for other cities and states to raise money in the bond market. Finally, President Ford, who had adamantly refused to "bail out" New York, agreed to \$2.3 billion in federal loans this year, after the city had made savage cuts in expenditures and agreed to a big package of city-state tax increases.

So default has probably been averted, but the crisis has worsened a situation that will slow recovery anyway. Spending by state and local governments, discounted for inflation, rose by 6% as late as 1973; this year the increase was below 2%, and in 1976 it is forecast only slightly higher. There are reasons apart from New York's agony: cities and states have been caught by recession-reduced revenues and mounting welfare costs. But the New York crisis has helped to raise interest rates on bonds for some cities to 9.2%, and deepened an anti-borrowing mood among voters and an anti-spending attitude among state and local government officials.

Another drag on the recovery probably will be a less dazzling trade performance. For 1975 the U.S. is expected to ring up a record \$10 billion excess of exports over imports, v. a trade deficit of \$3.1 billion in 1974. Two reasons the recession slowed down imports, especially of oil; and American inflation, though high, was lower than in most other major industrial countries, increasing

the competitiveness of made-in-U.S. products abroad. Next year the surplus is likely to shrink; as production revives in the U.S., the quickening tempo will pull in more imports.

Where, then, will the growth foreseen for 1976 come from? There are several sources of potential strength. Most major industries, including steel and textiles, already are recording increases in sales and orders. No business took more of a drubbing from the recession than autos. Sales this year will total about 8.7 million, no better than depressed 1974 and far below the record 11.5 million cars of 1973, in large part because consumers resisted \$500-a-car price boosts on the 1975 models. But sales have been picking up since the smaller, more fuel-economical '76s rolled into showrooms at prices averaging only \$200 a car higher than the '75s. Most forecasts are for 9.5 million autos to be sold next year.

Housing, which has been hammered for several years by soaring prices and towering interest rates, was a disaster in 1975. Starts sank to an annual rate below 1 million in May and are likely to wind up at 1.1 million for the year, a 29-year low. But mortgage money is plentiful again, and 1976 housing starts are expected to reach about 1.5 million. That gain should give a helpful, though not major, nudge to the economy.

The biggest hope for a strong recovery is that consumers will throw off their uncertainties and spend heavily, not only for cars and houses but for house-



JOBLESS PEOPLE FILING CLAIMS CROWD



U.S. S.R.-BOUND WHEAT IN NEBRASKA



SHOPPING THROUGHS IN CHICAGO'S LOOP AT THANKSGIVING TIME

Buying behavior that can be highly unpredictable.

hold furnishings, carpets, television sets and clothing. After several years of saving an abnormally high proportion of their incomes, consumers have the money for a shopping spree. But the upheavals of recent years have made them wary and difficult to judge. During 1975 consumer spending, after an early surge, flattened out in late summer and early fall. Recently it has been moving up again, and storekeepers expect Christmas sales to spurt about 10% ahead of last year. But the University of Michigan's widely respected survey, released last week, showed the consumer, in the words of Survey Director Jay

Schmiedeskamp, to be in an "unusually conservative and skittish mood."

What the consumer does probably depends on inflation more than anything else—and that is the biggest imponderable in the 1976 forecast. During 1975, the clumsy hand of recession, as expected, ended the double-digit inflation of 1974. But the course was highly erratic: the compound annual rate of increase in the consumer price index ranged from a startling 15.4% in July to a mere 2.4% the next month. Food prices rose 7.8% during the twelve months ended in October despite record crops, partly because of the Soviets'



AN UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE IN BOSTON

buying 10.2 million tons of U.S. grain. The momentum seems to be spent now, though, and economists generally expect no sharp run-up in food prices next year.

Those economists who fear a reacceleration of inflation worry instead about two other factors. Nathan discerns a lessening of price competition among many big businesses and a disposition among their executives to raise prices to recover past cost boosts as soon as sales pick up. Heller disagrees, contending that businessmen who have priced their products to make a profit even at low operating rates will find profits moving up so smartly as sales rise that they will not need further price hikes.

A bigger threat is the possibility of a new wage-price spiral. Only 2.5 million workers were covered by contracts that expired in 1975, but 4.4 million will have major contracts coming up next year, including negotiations in four major industries: autos, trucking, electrical equipment and rubber. Workers' purchasing power has eroded over the past two years because wage boosts have not kept pace with price hikes. Between January 1973 and July 1975, the consumer price index rose 27.1%, but average hourly earnings of workers in nonagricultural jobs increased only 21.6%.

Cautious Policy. Nathan, whose consulting firm advises many unions, reports that "the attitude on the part of labor is pretty sour and pretty frustrated." He fears that unions will push for inflationary wage boosts, and he may be right. Last week the Teamsters Union was talking about demanding as much as a 50% increase for truckers over three years. Mechanics struck United Air Lines; the line canceled all flights through Christmas Eve. Other members of the Board of Economists, while granting that there is danger of a wage-price spiral, think it can be avoided. Some reasons: unemployment will still be high next year; low increases for state, local and Federal Government workers will exert a moderating influence on industrial wages; and rising productivity will enable manufacturers to pay higher wages without boosting prices.

The disagreement over inflation leads to another debate that is muted now but will grow much louder during the election year: Where is the economy headed after 1976? No one would

be satisfied permanently with the pattern of high (though declining) unemployment and inflation foreseen for next year. But Sprinkel and Weidenbaum see the year as a bridge to a long-term pattern of balanced, sustainable growth—if moderate fiscal and monetary policies are pursued until what they see as a promising start on wringing inflationary momentum out of the economy is carried through to conclusion. Sprinkel argues that it took ten years of Government mismanagement of the economy to produce a situation in which a 6% rate of price increases represents a lowering of inflation. Another three or four years of cautious policy will be needed, he believes, to get the rate down to an acceptable 1% to 3%.

Democrats on the Board of Economists—Heller, Okun, Pechman, Nathan—argue that inflation could be most effectively restrained by Government pressure on industry and labor to pursue moderate price-wage policies, leaving Washington free to stimulate the economy more through tax cuts, federal spending and faster money-supply growth. But they have no hope of chang-

ing President Ford's mind. They expect him to present a budget for fiscal 1977 of \$395 billion, or \$28 billion less than if no effort were made to hold down spending, and to resist further tax cuts not tied to such a spending ceiling. That, they believe, will just not be enough to promote strong expansion after 1976.

The only member of the Board of Economists to attempt a specific early prediction for 1977 is Grove, who is not associated with any particular political line. He foresees real G.N.P. growth averaging 4.4% for the year, and declining to as little as 3%. That would produce hardly any further cut in unemployment from where it would be at the end of '76. But Grove stresses that this result is not foreordained; it could be changed by a switch in policy.

This debate is a preview of the arguments that will be heard, in more emotional voices, from politicians in 1976. Ultimately it will be settled not by economists but by voters—and the shape of the economy in the years after 1976 will be determined by the policies of whomever they choose to be inaugurated as President in January 1977.

Europe: Signs Of Recovery

Seven months after early signs of recovery from recession became visible in the U.S., they are appearing in Europe, too. They are confined to a few key indicators (auto sales, appliance and consumer buying) and are most evident in two key countries: West Germany and France. Nonetheless, says Italian Economist Luigi Spaventa, voicing a general European view, "I expect we've hit bottom. Now it depends on how long we keep crawling along down there."

The outlook in the four most important countries:

WEST GERMANY is regaining some of its old economic vigor. Exports have spurred to near-record levels, and domestic auto sales may equal the 2.1 million record set in 1972. But unemployment has climbed above 1 million and seems certain to get worse before improvement begins next spring.

FRANCE is getting the benefit of a \$7 billion pump-priming program begun in September. Consumers are buying again, and manufacturers are stepping up production to replenish inventories. For 1976 the government predicts a 4.7% increase in G.N.P. and a lowering of the present 12% inflation rate to 7.5%.

ITALY notes improvements in several key industries, notably autos, leading Fiat Chairman Giovanni Agnelli to say: "We could perhaps conclude that we are

coming out of the most acute phase of the recession." But overall industrial output is down 12% from 1974, and 1.2 million workers are jobless; another 800,000 are on short time. Industrialists fear, too, that an improving climate may encourage wage demands and strikes that could abort the recovery.

BRITAIN is experiencing a slowing of the rate of decline in gross domestic product, an indication that the economy is bottoming out. Still, the country faces huge obstacles. Prime Minister Harold Wilson's pact with the unions, which holds wage increases to \$12 a week, could reduce the inflation rate from this year's staggering 25%. But unemployment, now 1,250,000, is expected to remain at that painfully high level next year, and economic growth is forecast to be a paltry 1.8%.

Among Europe's smaller countries, the pattern is decidedly mixed. Belgium and The Netherlands are still preoccupied with combating their high rates of inflation. Switzerland has shipped home 100,000 foreign workers to stave off unemployment among citizens, but its recovery is dependent on the renewed health of its big trading partners. Sweden, which long seemed immune to recession, has started on a slide that is expected to result in zero growth this year. By contrast, Denmark achieved modest expansion during 1975, and Norway is being buoyed by prospects of soon becoming a sizable oil producer. The Norwegian economy grew a respectable 5.1% this year, and unemployment amounts to only an insignificant 1.4% of the labor force.

MAV WE SEE THAT
BOOK, PLEASE?

CHARLIE BROWN & SNOOPY, FROM PEANUTS JUBILEE

Some day publishers will produce the ultimate Christmas book: an immense 6-ft. by 3-ft. volume upon which the purchaser can rest coffee tables. This year gift books reflect the bullish retail trend: add four legs and many would do for living room furniture. High prices, as always, are the greetings of the season. The 1975 record holder is The New York Graphic Society's luxuriant art book *Gustav Klimt* for \$175. But scattered throughout the stores is a variety of handsome volumes for nearly every wallet and interest

Here he turns his cameras on an entire continent. Some of the color work is incomparable: a dramatically textured shot of Death Valley dunes; the hot springs at Minerva Terrace in Yellowstone, which seem to rise from the surface of Jupiter. The black-and-whites, all infra-red shots, are disappointingly abstract. Shirakawa tries to compensate with a breezy, crotchety text that notes, among other things, that hippies spread lice.

ANGKOR by Bela Kalman. Text by Joan Lebold Cohen. 240 pages. Abrams \$45. Just before the Indochinese war engulfed Cambodia, Photographer Bela Kalman set down a color record of these sacred sandstone cities. Kalman's striking photographs (accompanied by a lucid text) record it all: brooding jungle setting, massive stone faces, tree-tangled mystery of unrestored Ta Prohm, eye-stretching vistas of Angkor Wat itself. Look hard: the temples were damaged

causes (there is no cure). Author Thomas, a London book dealer, discusses everything from early illuminated manuscripts to the feats of the best printers, bookbinders, illustrators, forgers and dupes. Happily, descriptions focus on people rather than techniques. Of J.P. Morgan, last of the profligate collectors, Thomas writes with typical piquancy: "He pursued the life of an unostentatious gentleman on a majestic scale."

IN AMERICA. Photographs and notes by Ernst Haas. 144 pages. Viking Press \$35. This is a deeply affectionate work Haas' opening shot of Monument Valley is grand enough to have made John Ford jealous, and his impressionistic multiperspective of nighttime Manhattan should be accompanied by *Rhapsody in Blue*. More important, the author-photographer knows his territory well enough to make a haunting composition out of a simple line of telephone poles arcing across a bleak valley. In America might be this year's most oblique and intriguing Bicentennial book.

VOLCANO by Maurice and Katia Krafft. Introduction by Eugene Ionesco.



VASLAV NIIJINSKY (1910) STRIKES A CHARACTERISTIC POSE IN NIIJINSKY DANCING

in the Cambodian war, and they will never be the same.

THE MYTHIC IMAGE by Joseph Campbell. 552 pages. Princeton University Press. \$45. The poet W.B. Yeats saw in dreams the beginnings of responsibilities. The noted scholar Joseph Campbell sees in dreams the origins of mythology, art and religion—not inconsiderable responsibilities. *The Mythic Image* is essentially a distillate of *The Masks of God*. Campbell's four-volume study of the world's mythologies and sacred beliefs. Illustrated with Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, European and pre-Columbian art, the book is a sumptuous short course in the human imagination.

\$30 TO \$40

GREAT BOOKS AND BOOK COLLECTORS by Alan G. Thomas. 280 pages. Putnam. \$35. An opulently illustrated, often witty guide to bibliophilia and its

174 pages. Abrams. \$35. Authors Maurice and Katia Krafft have spent most of their lives peering into craters reeking of sulfur smoke, standing on the edges of steaming fissures and dodging red rivers of molten lava. Now they celebrate those exotic outlets for earth's potent forces in the most beautiful—and frightening—book on volcanoes ever assembled. Here, for example, is the black cone of Surtsey rising from the sea off Iceland in 1963, the Indonesian volcano Batur shooting lava bombs skyward in 1971, Italy's Stromboli still flaring like a Roman candle, and the lava lake of Zaire's Rugarama glowing as luridly as the lower pits of hell. As Absurdist Playwright Ionesco suggests in his introduction to *Volcano*, all one has to do is gaze at these awesome pictures to realize that in many locales the Apocalypse is a daily event.

FLAGS: THROUGH THE AGES AND ACROSS THE WORLD by Whitney Smith.

Gift Books

\$45 AND UP

EGON SCHIELE'S PORTRAITS by Alessandra Comini. 556 pages. University of California. \$65. **THE ART OF EGON SCHIELE.** Text by Erwin Mitsch. 267 pages. Phaidon/Praeger. \$45. Complementary books, both of them superb, about the prolific Austrian expressionist who died, aged 28, in 1918. In her discussion of the emotionally charged portraits, Comini vividly describes the intellectual ferment in turn-of-the-century Vienna. Mitsch concentrates on the art itself—anguished self-portraits, brooding studies, quasi-erotic studies. Handsome reproductions show the risk in trying to depict feelings at the end of the nerve: Schiele sometimes succeeds in limning only his neuroses.

ETERNAL AMERICA by Yoshikazu Shirakawa. 231 pages. Kodansha International. \$60. Japanese Photographer Shirakawa is justly celebrated for his photography of mountains, especially for last year's monumental *Himalayas*



175. *Papilio wryness*: New Guinea



179. *Heliconius erato cybina*: Ecuador



176. *Papilio demotus*: Ceylon



180. *Heliconius erato amalfreda*: Guinea



177. *Ornithoptera priamus poecilon*: New Guinea



181. *Heliconius ethilla*: Ecuador



178. *Parides* species: Costa Rica



182. *Heliconius melampus agalops*: Ecuador

A garland of multicolored Lepidoptera glows and shimmers in "Butterflies" by Thomas C. Emmel.



"Two Little Girls" from "The Art of Egon Schiele."



Marguerite of France from "The Seeing Hand."

A white heron takes flight from Spain's wilderness in "Doñana."





"Liberty" crowns a serviceman in "Flags Through the Ages and Across the World."

Photograph of torn posters from Ernst Haas's "In America."

"A Needlepoint Gallery from the Past."





Counterclockwise from upper right: Jane Fonda sulks as Barbarella from "Life Goes to the Movies"; illuminated manuscript from "King René's Book of Love"; "Checkup" in "Norman Rockwell's America"; "Watch Night Service" from "The Christmas Book."

BOOKS

357 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$34.95. Man has been making and waving flags for more than 5,000 years, and as Emily Dickinson noted, "No true eye ever went by one steadily." She did not reckon on the scholarly zeal of Whitney Smith. His hefty book conveys an encyclopedia of vexillology (Smith's coinage for the scientific study of flags). His enthusiasm is sometimes unsettling, as if the history of the dog were being told from the point of view of its tail. Yet his sprightly lectures are packed with odd information and the 2,800 color illustrations that flutter through them make this unquestionably the standard book on standard-bearing.

CLOCKS & WATCHES by Johann Willsberg. Dial. \$30. Telling the time was once a minor reason for looking at a clock. In ages more leisurely than the present, timepieces were objects of art as well as of utility, as this album of nearly 130 examples amply proves. Watches were decoratively (and ingeniously) grafted on to fans, necklaces, needle cases and hand mirrors. Clocks were emblazoned with statuary and paintings. Yet Photographer Willsberger presents more than just a collection of pretty faces. Even his earliest samples, dating from the 15th century, are marvels of mathematical complexity. One clock by Abraham Louis Breguet (circa 1810) not only gave the time, it also recorded the lunar date, the earthly day, date, month and year—and the temperature.

\$16 TO \$29.95

BUTTERFLIES by Thomas C. Emmel. 244 pages. Knopf. \$29.95. Some of these rare Lepidoptera are so luminescent they produce optical shock. Even the commoner varieties blend the lyrical

with the clinical, intriguing both scientist and layman. Accompanying facts are as remarkable as the closeup images. The ubiquitous orange monarch, for example, is the only true round-trip migrant among the world's 20,000 species. Although only one family of butterflies is called satyrs, most males exhibit an aggressive libido as soon as they emerge from the chrysalis—they can detect females by odor, flight signals, and ultraviolet waves imperceptible to the human eye. Any colors that are perceptible are gathered here in a great rainbow of a book for collectors of butterflies, books, or examples of classic nature photography.

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S AMERICA by Christopher Finch. 313 pages. Abrams. \$29.95. Rockwell's forte was home-town America, the sort of country that people still draw in their hearts. Here are his best, including every one of his *Saturday Evening Post* covers. The section on soldiers' goings and homecomings recalls the days when wars seemed just, and how proud and fine it was to welcome home the boys-become-men who fought them. The 1960s are reflected in some trenchant paintings, among them an indelible portrait of a little black girl on her way to an integrated school, surrounded by U.S. marshals.

THE SEEING HAND: A TREASURY OF GREAT MASTER DRAWINGS by Colin Eisler. Harper & Row. \$29.95. The appreciation of drawings tends to be an extremely private pleasure—with good reason. Easily affected by light and air, sketches by the masters are usually kept locked safely away in museum cellars or, more inaccessible, stashed in private collections. Art Historian Colin Eisler combed the museums and collections of the world before allowing more than 300 illustrations to go public. He includes some of the finest examples of draftsmanship, from the French, German and Italian Renaissance to such moderns as Klee, Mondrian and de Kooning. Nearly half of

the drawings are meticulously reproduced in their original tints.

DOÑANA: SPAIN'S WILDLIFE WILDERNESS by Juan Antonio Fernández. 253 pages. Taplinger. \$29.95. Tucked away in a corner of Spain, southwest of Seville, is the Coto de Doñana habitat for rare and endangered species: the imperial and short-toed eagles, great bustard, bee eater, azure-winged magpie and, in migration at least, the great flamingo. Those who want to view this ornithological paradise firsthand should be aware of the customary protocol: visitors must get permits from the director of the local biological station to feast their eyes on its plumed riches. This sumptuous pictorial tour cannot compare with a real excursion; on the other hand, it is about one-hundredth the price—and almost as beautiful.

THE LOOK BOOK. Edited by Leo Rosten. 397 pages. Abrams. \$29.95. From its first issue in 1937, which carried a cover picture of Reich Marshal Hermann Göring, to its final number in 1971, depicting the pre-Watergate Nixon White House, *Look* chronicled and celebrated a generation of American life. Novelist-Humorist Leo Rosten, who was once chief editorial adviser to *Look*, has pored through back issues to compile this souvenir album. Articles by Norman Mailer, Harry Truman, Eugene O'Neill and others do not stand the test of age. But the powerful pictures of '40s war, '50s politics and '60s frenzy more than compensate for shortcomings in the text.

NIJINSKY DANCING. Text and commentary by Lincoln Kirstein. 177 pages. Knopf. \$29.95. Nijinsky spent ten years growing, ten years learning, ten years dancing and 30 years deteriorating. He was an unchallenged performer. His choreographic reputation is less secure. Nijinsky had time to design only four ballets before incurable schizophrenia ended his career. This somewhat overproduced book traces that parabolic career from 1906 to 1917. Producer-Bal-



HEMINGWAY, FROM *MAGIC IMAGE*

THE SUSAN ELIZABETH DRIVEN ASHORE ON THE CORNISH COAST, FROM *SHIPWRECK*



Claimed the spitballing king of South Wickens, "David Copperfield's very slim pickins.

To form livelier shots,

I need juicier plots.

Give me PEOPLE to chew on, not Dickens."



People weekly

Pick up your week.
Pick up a copy today.

BOOKS

letomane Lincoln Kirstein's weighty introductory essays are lightened by a hundred astonishing photographs that demonstrate why a dancer 50 years dead continues to leap in the imagination and styles of choreographers everywhere in the world.

PEANUTS JUBILEE by Charles M. Schulz. 222 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$29.95. Good grief, good old Charlie Brown is 25 years old! The birthday reminder may be a little depressing, but the biography is a multicolored high. With a series of old Sunday strips, black and white panels and prose reminiscences, *Peanuts* Creator Charles M. Schulz follows his charges from their days as *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons to the halcyon epoch of Snoopy as the Red Baron, Lucy as a 5¢ psychiatrist, and Charlie Brown as the boy who firmly decides to be wishy one day and washy the next. Schulz's humor remains poignant, whimsical and informed with religious insight—*The Gospel According to Peanuts* was more than a bestseller: it was the truth.

THE MAGIC IMAGE by Cecil Beaton and Gail Buckland. 304 pages. Little, Brown. \$19.95. This is that rarest of items: a photography book in which words are more important than pictures. Authors Beaton, noted stage designer and photographer, and Buckland have attempted nothing less ambitious than a full history of photography and its practitioners from 1839 to the present. Beaton's introduction is elegant and concise, as are the biographical sketches of more than 200 photographers. Inevitably, gaps and biases appear. Salon and experimental artists receive favored treatment, while the works of such realists as Matthew Brady, Jacob Riis and Walker Evans are hastily passed by. Even so, the book is painless instruction and inspired anthology.

LIFE GOES TO THE MOVIES. 304 pages. TIME-LIFE Books. \$19.95. "This book," reads the candid introduction, "is about a magazine's love affair with an

industry." It was not unrequited. LIFE's crisp pictorial layouts, its salty reportage and limitless palette made it the studios' favorite. The proof is on view in the pages of this opulent valentine: sections on "The Stars" ("More than there are in heaven" boasted MGM), "The Build-up," "The Movies," "The Studios" and "Behind the Scenes"; pictures of every player from Charlie Chaplin to Dustin Hoffman; stories of scandals, sex and scenarios. Between the book's oversized covers are enough memorabilia to turn the most indifferent *Late Show* viewer into an instant nostalgia buff—and bring the whole of Hollywood's fabulous past to LIFE.

\$15 AND UNDER

KING RENÉ'S BOOK OF LOVE. Introduction and commentaries by F. Unterkircher. Braziller. \$15. During the waning of the Middle Ages, these illuminated manuscripts lighted lives. The medieval characters are allegorical: the Knight Cœur confronts the enemies of Love—Denial, Shame and Fear—in his search for the Lady Sweet Grace. He finds his lady—only to lose her again, and end his days in prayer and remembrance. The story, *Cœur d'Amours Espris*, was written in 1457; the gold-trimmed illustrations were executed a decade later—possibly by the King himself. An informative commentary precedes each folio, describing its place in the story. That part of the knight's adventures not illustrated is told in the introduction, along with the historical background of René, the royal poet. And artist?

A NEEDLEPOINT GALLERY OF PATTERNS FROM THE PAST by Phyllis Kluger. 191 pages. Knopf. \$15. No mere woolgathering, the craft of needlepoint combines a meditative activity with the hard-core work ethic. Time is casually suspended stitch by stitch, but in the end something palpable gets done. Phyllis Kluger's stitches in time span nearly 5,000 years—from the arts of ancient Egypt and Byzantium to Renaissance

DIONYSOS & SEMELE, GREEK ART FROM 550 B.C. IN THE MYTHIC IMAGE





OSTRICH TIMEPIECE FROM CLOCKS & WATCHES

Europe and early America. All are shown in full-color photos as well as instructional graph patterns. Kluger's historical commentary and analysis of her motifs provide an enriching dimension. One of the best needlepoint books of this or any other year

SHIPWRECK by John Fowles. Photographs by the Gibsons of Scilly. Little, Brown. \$7.95. Four generations of the Gibson family have photographed dramatic shipwrecks off the Cornish coast of southwest England. They rarely lacked subjects. As Novelist John Fowles argues, this patch of ocean "may well be the most terrible ten square miles in maritime history." Some 2,000 British seamen drowned there one night in 1707; the most celebrated recent victim was the oil freighter *Torrey Canyon* which was reduced to catastrophic flotsam in 1967. The Gibsons' pictures (the earliest dating from 1872) all capture the ruined beauty of such ships. "As tragic," Fowles writes, "as the vanished masterpieces of great sculptors."

ARTHUR RACKHAM; DULAC; THE ENGLISH DREAMERS; THE CHRISTMAS BOOK; TEMPTATION. Edited by David Larkin. Bantam Books \$5.95 each. With tireless research and unflinching taste, Editor David Larkin has assembled this striking series of low-priced museums without walls. *Arthur Rackham and Dulac* celebrate the greatest book illustrators of the Edwardian epoch. *The English Dreamers* displays the lush, romantic works of such pre-Raphaelites as Burne-Jones and Millais. *The Christmas Book* is a rich survey of Yuletide art from ancient *Collier's* magazine covers to the naive masterworks of Grandma Moses. Only one caveat: four of these five bargains would grace any child's library. *Temptation*, however, offers explicit pictures like Dali's *Young Virgin Auto-Sodomized by Her Own Chastity*. The book must carry an unseasonal rating of R.

So how does the Japanese Steak House prepare your steak? Ah-so.

Aged prime steak is cooked before your eyes, to your taste, by a beautiful kimono-clad waitress-chef. That's how the hibachi-grilled steaks are prepared at the Japanese Steak House.

You get the feeling you're in Japan without going to Japan. You're surrounded by authentic Japanese wall decorations, prints, and even authentic Japanese dining tables in the Tatami Room.



In the Hibachi Room, you sit at a table that becomes the cooking grill, and you watch as your steak Teriyaki or shrimp Tempura or chicken Yakitori is cooked ah-so. The AH-SO Lounge is the place to meet for cocktails. To take care of the tab, bring the American Express Card. If you don't have the Card, just pick up an application at any Japanese Steak House restaurant. 210 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.



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The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.



We never stop drying.

Dry Gilbey's. Dry Boissiere.

When a great dry gin and a great dry vermouth get together, the result is—almost inevitably—a great

dry martini. So a Gilboissiere martini has to be a great dry martini. Dry it... you'll like it.

Boissiere Vermouth de France is imported by National Distillers Products Corp., NY. Distilled in France. Dry Martini is imported by National Distillers Products Corp., NY. Distilled in France. Gilbey's Gin is imported by National Distillers Products Corp., NY. Distilled in England.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN PHILACHICHI

A remarkable community, PHILACHILASTLONY.

Composed of five of the country's most important markets, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, St. Louis and New York.

Where a population nearly as large as France is becoming more and more aware of what's going on at the five television stations owned by CBS.
What's going on?



IN PHILADELPHIA

WCAU-TV reporter Rich Mayk was looking into "do-nothing" city jobs for a series of special reports. He came up with a phantom employee. A man with no office. No desk. No telephone number in any department. But on the city payroll for \$22,000 a year.

Two days after Mayk went on the air with the story, the man resigned. Followed by another city employee who quit *his* non-position, saying "I don't want to be on Channel 10."

So two do-nothing officials did something for the city at last. They left.

And Channel 10 won four major awards for investigative reporting.

IN ST. LOUIS

KMOX-TV's special news series, "Hunger: A St. Louis Emergency," contained facts that may have shocked viewers.

From reporter Al Wiman they learned that when an under-nourished child gets measles, it's *bad* measles. That free school lunches were being devoured because children hadn't eaten earlier. That "nice people" were going into prostitution. For food.

In response, money came in. Requests for information on where to send food. And a Food Crisis Network was created to distribute that food.

The series had gotten through to people who never think of hunger—the well-fed.

IN LOS ANGELES

Lower food costs by growing your own vegetables, KNXT told viewers.

But the station offered more than free advice.

It did a series of news reports on spiraling food costs, then offered a Mother Nature poster, showing how,

what and when to plant. And when to harvest.

In one week, 20,000 requests for the poster.

And later, no doubt, some great tomatoes.



IN NEW YORK

Wordsworth lent the title. The poems in one of WCBS TV's most eloquent primetime specials for children were written by children.

"The Child Is Father Of The Man" used animation, children's drawings, stills and pantomime to enhance the marvelous imagery of 6- to 12-year-olds.

"I wear my street face..."

"We go to the beach!"

I look at the sea!

I walk to a white horse."

"Sports car!

Splitting the silence."

A leading critic said of this half hour: "As inventive and disarming as its basic material. All concerned deserve outstanding credit for a job done, obviously, with tender loving care."

Tender loving care characterizes the children's programming at all five stations.

Subjects vary, but all the broadcasts are designed to stimulate thought, suggest new ways to look at things and stir the young viewer's creative impulses.



LASTLONY?

Local television so innovative that it's gaining national attention.

News and documentaries that generate positive action and make news themselves. Venturesome children's programming—in prime time, too. Use of a new electronic technology that is revolutionizing local news coverage capability.

So a lot is happening around here.

Adding up to a new way to look at television.

IN CHICAGO

To re-create for viewers at home the excitement and elegance of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's tour of Europe, WBBM-TV made an interesting choice.

"Real Violins: The Chicago Symphony Orchestra Goes To Europe" was illustrated by the paintings and drawings of artist reporter Franklin McMahon, who had accompanied the orchestra as it traveled from triumph to triumph across the Continent.

Two hundred McMahon paintings, blended with the orchestra sound, and interviews with European concert goers, orchestra members, Conductor Sir Georg Solti and Governor Dan Walker of Illinois created a rare television hour.

A brilliant musical event—from an artist's viewpoint.

...AND IN CHICAGO

Viewers were startled by a WBBM-TV special on the psychological brutality of the Illinois child welfare system.

They learned from reporter Lee Phillip of the shattering effect on children of being shuttled from one foster home to another.

In the audience was a State Senator.

He promptly put before the State Legislature an amendment requesting an extra \$500,000 for its Children and Family Services Department.

So Illinois could come to the aid of the children.



IN LOS ANGELES

"You, me, your daughter, your mother," actress Lee Grant began, "each of us has to face the fact that one out of every fifteen women will one day develop breast cancer."

Facts were indeed faced in the powerful KNXT special, "Why Me?"

Ten women who had had breast cancer told what it did to them, to their husbands, to their sexual relationships.

Then the broadcast focused on early detection. A woman demonstrated self-examination, how to go clockwise around the breast. ("Here there's a ridge. Don't worry about it. It's normal.")

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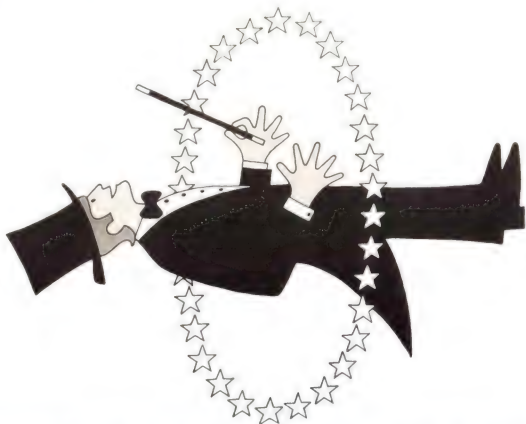
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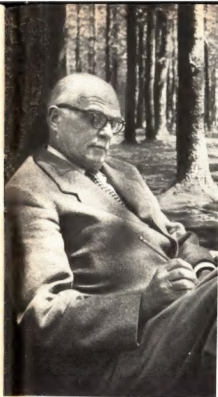
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THE THEATER



THORNTON WILDER IN HIS GARDEN

The Rediscoverer

Thornton Wilder was a member of the Lost Generation who was never lost, and his own generation never quite forgave him for that. Born a year after Fitzgerald, two years before Hemingway, he confessed to being "fundamentally a happy person." While his disillusioned contemporaries were rebelling brilliantly as expatriates in Paris, Wilder, whose grandfather was a Presbyterian minister, sometimes plotted out his writing during church services, taught contentedly at a New Jersey prep school (Lawrenceville) and ended up a lifelong bachelor sharing a house with his sister Isabel in Hamden, Conn. Rotund, kind and twinkly to the point of Dickensian caricature, he was, as he pointed out, the sort of man whom "news vendors in university towns call 'Professor,' and hotel clerks, 'Doctor.'"

Daredevil Risks. His talent won Wilder three Pulitzer Prizes for his novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (1927) and for his plays *Our Town* (1938) and *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942). But his gifts—the polished style, the scholarly allusions, the slightly didactic plots with an elegant touch of mysticism—were viewed in critical circles as relics of the genteel tradition. His optimism ("He says nice things whenever possible," one acquaintance complained) was regarded as a threat to his integrity.

Wilder accepted even criticism cheerfully. In a period dominated by Ezra Pound's fierce injunction, "Make it new!" he admitted: "I am not an in-

novator but a rediscoverer of forgotten goods." Many of his works were in one way or another derivative. *The Skin of Our Teeth* was born of *Finnegans Wake*. *The Merchant of Yonkers* (1938) evolved from a 19th century Viennese farce and developed into *The Matchmaker* (1954) and *Hello, Dolly!*

Wilder knew his limits as few members of the Lost Generation knew theirs. A onetime archaeology student, he took the long view. From Julius Caesar's Rome in his novel *The Ides of March* to Grover's Corners, N.H., in *Our Town*, it was "the ocean-like monotony of the generations of men" that fascinated him. He had a Roman mind and an American heart. He saw "the absurdity of any single person's claim to the importance of his saying, 'I love!' 'I suffer!'" But his democratic passion was writing about the most ordinary people in love or in pain.

Our Town, despite daredevil risks with the sentimental and the obvious, was his masterpiece. Wilder's death is enough of a loss to produce at least one small question. Who will play the Stage Manager at Grover's Corners, improvising muted trumpet solos over the graves of literature's Unknown Americans?

Lover Takes All

THE NORMAN CONQUESTS
by ALAN AYCKBOURN

Truly comic characters appear on-stage about as often as there is a lunar eclipse. That is what makes the arrival of Norman, the pint-sized anarchist of Alan Ayckbourn's trilogy, an occasion of happy terror. The most satisfying laughs are those induced by determined worms, and Norman is an Attila of the worm world.

Obviously, he is an assistant librarian; actually, his entire life is spent in pursuit of love. He may be threadbare, even unprepossessing, but his willingness to adapt himself to any woman's whims and moods makes him irresistible. He will stop at nothing to get his way, and he never stops. "Life with Norman," says his wife Ruth with bitter understatement, "is full of unexpected eye movements."

On this particular summer weekend Norman arrives to feed his ravenous libido at the country house of his sister-in-law, gentle Annie. He also wreaks havoc on his relations. "I'm a three-a-day man," he declares, beating his puny chest. With virtuoso cunning, he almost makes the boast good. Annie, then his angry wife, and even stuck-up Sarah (another sister-in-law), fall into his arms.

Norman has a lot of cheek. So does Ayckbourn. He offers three views of the hectic 48 hours—in three different plays,

which must be seen on different nights. The first, *Table Manners*, is about what happens in the dining room when it is not happening on the family hearth rug in No. 2, *Living Together*, or in the bushes in No. 3, *Round and Round the Garden*. Do not be alarmed. It is nothing like the *Ring*. The comedies interweave with the boisterous precision of a Scottish reel, and finally yield a picture of family life at once riotous and desolate.

Gumboots Bears. Ayckbourn is one of England's funniest, most prolific playwrights, with a fine ear for middle-class patterns of speech. Sometimes his dialogue snaps back like Noel Coward's; at others, he evokes P.G. Wodehouse's rococo style. It is a shame that this production fails to do him or Norman justice. A man who envisions Australia in winter as an army of gumbooted koala bears and who can find menace in his pajamas ("The tops are alright—it's the bottoms you've got to watch") must be lovable. Richard Benjamin is not. Too broad for the English idiom, he appears to have strayed from a road company of *Fiddler on the Roof*. Eric Thompson directs with the same ordered frenzy he applied to Ayckbourn's hit of last year, *Absurd Person Singular*, but this time he is hampered by a company that fails to become an ensemble.

Luckily, there are a couple of generous compensations. Carole Shelley is so stingingly sarcastic as Ruth that the scenery shrivels. As Sarah, the super-housewife, Estelle Parsons yaps through the trilogy like an angry Peke. Funny is as useless a word to describe them as high is for Everest.

Gina Mallet

PARSONS IN THE NORMAN CONQUESTS



HACKMAN, MINNELLI & REYNOLDS IN *LADY*

Smooth Sailing

LUCKY LADY

Directed by STANLEY DONEN

Screenplay by WILLARD HUYCK

and GLORIA KATZ

For the past year or so, the rallying cry for most American film producers has been "entertainment." Hollywood is interested almost entirely in showing audiences a good time, recycling traditional plots and characters, concentrating on star quality. What is most eagerly sought after is the glistening surface and full-throttle frivolity that characterized Hollywood films of the 1930s.

Luxurious, sassy and a lot of fun, *Lucky Lady* is very much a movie of the times—both now and then. It is a wisecracking, softhearted romantic adventure in which the major characters seem modeled on movie stars. With the shade of Jean Harlow peering over her cocked shoulder, Liza Minnelli plays a '20s rumrunner called Claire Dobie. Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds, her partners in crime, are like Tracy and Gable, fast friends and occasional antagonists, both in love with Claire. These three amorous buddies run booze up the California coast from Mexico, playing cat-and-mouse with the Coast Guard and doing battle with the Mob boys who frown on independent action. They get rich and get shot at, sometimes all at once. This splendidly impossible sort of life is precarious and, as a consequence, exhilarating.

Sly Wit. The rambunctious sophistication of Stanley Donen's direction makes the amatory adventures whistle by as fast as the gunplay. Writers Huyck and Katz, who collaborated with George Lucas on the screenplay for *American*

Graffiti, are unashamedly infatuated with the myths and romances of old Hollywood but are shrewd enough not to mimic them. Their writing is affectionate, not slavish, and is full of sly wit.

The three principals seem to realize their importance in maintaining the proper chemical balance. Liza Minnelli is better than she has ever been, sweet and raffish, while Burt Reynolds cuts up with infectious bemusement. Much of the heavy acting falls to Gene Hackman—just as it did to Spencer Tracy—and he performs with subdued authority. If the stars seem sometimes to be off on different courses, playing out their own roles instead of playing to each other, this is one of the hazards of all-star Hollywood entertainment.

For all its breeziness, *Lucky Lady* falters over a few other hazards. The proceedings get a little arch at times: an occasional line seems too cherished, some secondary performances are rendered in strokes too broad. Besides, at the last minute the film makers changed the original ending, in which Hackman and Reynolds were killed, because preview audiences were disappointed. Now the three protagonists are last seen much older and still together. The happy ending is in one of Hollywood's best traditions. Those traditions can be limiting even when the show is flush with high spirits.

Jay Cocks

Sandbox Sleuth

THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*

SMARTER BROTHER

Directed and Written by GENE WILDER

One expects something in the Mel Brooks mold—raucous, anarchical, anachronistic—from Gene Wilder's debut as a director. He has, after all, recruited members of the Brooks mob: Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise. Like Brooks' most recent works, *Adventure* is a broad parody of a hoary popular form, in this case the period detective drama.

Wilder soon forces an adjustment of those expectations—neither up nor down, but definitely sideways. His sensibility is gentler and even more childlike than that of his master. Playing a young Sigi Holmes,* a detective suffering a near-terminal case of sibling rivalry because Big Brother Sherlock is always getting the good cases, he becomes a pawn in one of the latter's non-stop games of mastermind with Professor Moriarty. This one has something to do with a stolen state document on which the fate of empire trembles.

It is not important. What is important—and very nicely done too—is the

*Wilder's invention, Sigi should not be confused with Sherlock's older brother Mycroft, who was a lazy mathematical genius.

way everyone reverts instantly to childhood in moments of crisis. Moriarty (Leo McKern) is set up as a math wizard, for example, but his blackboard is covered with a second-grader's mistakes. When he conducts an auction of the purloined parchment, he is reduced to counting on his fingers as he tries to convert francs into pounds. Later Moriarty and DeLuise (playing a hammy opera singer) squabble over the document in a manner more appropriate to four-year-olds disputing possession of a pail in a sandpile—nose twisting, cheek pinching, hair pulling—than to grown-up spies.

Both Fists. Everything goes pretty much that way. Kahn contributes another wonderful impersonation of a sex tease with a weird combination of airiness and the pouts. Within that well-formed woman lurks the soul of a perpetual adolescent. Wilder's high moment comes during an interview with the Foreign Secretary. There is, you see, this tempting box of chocolates, and His Lordship catches Sigi with not a finger in them but both fists deeply, gloriously into the goodies.

One could wish for a little more narrative drive in the proceedings, a little more invention and tension. Still, Wilder's film would probably be a worthwhile addition to the CIA's indoctrination program—reminding recruits that espionage is essentially the stuff of childish fantasy, therefore dangerous for grown men to take too seriously. As for the rest of us, the movie is probably the fastest escape from the holiday blaths that Hollywood is offering this season.

Richard Schickel

WILDER & KAHN IN *BROTHER*

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